

THE CALIFORNIA SERIES

# Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 21, 1974 60 CENTS



How'd you like to—

Get better overall operating economy  
than we've offered in years?

Have cleaner air for everyone?

Go up to 20% longer between oil changes?

Get up to 22,500 miles on spark plugs?

Save money on tuneups because there are  
no points or condensers to replace?

Get faster starts, especially in cold and wet weather?



# Read about GM's Maximum Mileage System.

We call it our Maximum Mileage System because it represents the most advanced engineering and technology GM can offer in 1975 Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs.

**For 1975, you can cut maintenance and operating costs,  
enjoy our best performance in years,  
spend less time in service, and drive a car with  
less exhaust emissions.**

Those are pretty strong promises, but after spending \$160 million for research and engineering, testing, tools and facilities over the past seven years, we're confident that GM's exclusive Maximum Mileage System has what it takes to back them up.

To begin with, The System incorporates two of the most important engineering breakthroughs since the gasoline-powered car was first driven in 1885. They're our new Catalytic Exhaust Converter and High Energy Electronic Ignition, which, while they might sound old hat, are dramatically different from anything we've ever had.

These, combined with our improved Torque Converter, Fast Warm-up Carburetion and GM Specification Steel-belted Radial Tires, add up to what we think you want from a new GM car. Lower operating costs. Performance like the "good old days." Longer periods between servicing. And cleaner air for everyone. In short, the most advanced engineering and technology GM can offer in 1975 Chevrolets, Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs. We call it

**GM's Maximum  
Mileage System can  
save you money.**

We compared 1975 GM cars using unleaded gas with similarly equipped 1974 models using leaded fuel and, overall, found savings on fuel consumption. Of course, the amount of savings will vary according to car size and your driving and maintenance habits.



# **The System.**

## How the Catalytic Exhaust Converter contributes to savings.

The Catalytic Converter was conceived to help us meet this year's more stringent EPA requirements for hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emissions . . . which it does. As a matter of fact, as these emissions pass through the converter, a catalyst of platinum and palladium—the same metals found in fine jewelry—acts to chemically change these emissions into water vapor and carbon dioxide, the gas that makes the bubbles in soda pop.

At the same time, by shifting some of the "cleaning chores" to the Catalytic Exhaust Converter, we were able to recalibrate the engine for lower idling speeds, quicker warm-up and smoother overall performance.



## Unleaded gas can save you money on maintenance, too.

If you were to use regular gasoline with The System, the lead in it would, in time, form a coating around the catalyst, spark plugs and valves that would reduce efficiency. But by using unleaded gasoline, you get cleaner air, your spark plugs last up to 22,500 miles, you can go up to 7,500 miles between oil changes, and your tailpipe and muffler should even last longer, to say nothing of prolonging the life of the catalyst.



## The muscle behind The System—GM's High Energy Ignition.

Electronic ignitions have been around for some time now, but there's never been anything to match our new High Energy Ignition (HEI).

To begin with, its name comes from the fact that it can deliver up to 35,000 volts, against only 25,000 volts for the older ones. Since it can deliver higher voltages, it can fire marginal fuel mixtures under adverse conditions and give you quicker starts with less drain on the battery. What's more, there are no points to require periodic replacement and no ignition condenser to wear out. Think how much that alone will save you on tuneups.

The HEI is virtually impervious to moisture, dirt and road splash, so even in damp or wet weather you should get quick starts.

It's pretested as a complete unit, so there's less chance of human error in the assembly process.

And as we mentioned earlier spark plug life is lengthened so you'll get "new car" performance longer.



# "You Can't Beat The System."

## The System has a warm heart.

In cold weather, an automobile engine simply needs more gasoline during starting and



warm-up to overcome the gasoline's slower vaporization. But for 1975, many GM engines have a new Fast Warm-up capability that allows the choke to disengage faster.

This, combined with the fact that our new High Energy Ignition will ignite gasoline/air mixtures over a wider range of temperatures, means you can help stretch your gasoline dollar.

## The rest of The System helps, too.

While perhaps not as dramatic as our Catalytic Converter and High Energy Ignition, we think you'll also appreciate a few other things we've done to improve gas mileage and performance for 1975.

First, we recalibrated the Torque Converter on our Turbo Hydra-matic transmission to respond more positively and activate quicker. By making it more efficient, you can get better fuel economy and more positive throttle response.

In addition, the GM Specification Steel-belted Radial Tire is available on all 1975 GM cars. It offers better traction in snow and wet, plus lower rolling resistance. The sum total is that you get longer tire life and better operating economy.

It's an old saying, but with the new Maximum Mileage System, we think our new GM cars offer you a big plus this year over previous years. You'll like the performance we've restored. You won't have to go in for service as often. You'll enjoy improved operating economy. And you'll be driving the cleanest cars in General Motors history.

For 1975, we can say more proudly than ever . . .

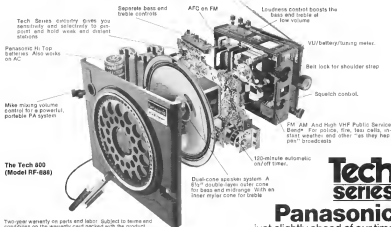
**We want you to drive what you like and like what you drive.**



# You could buy this Panasonic radio on looks alone



## but we won't let you.



**Tech  
series**

**Panasonic.**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

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## Next week

**SAME POINT**, new date. Once again, Ali and Foreman count down toward their encounter in Africa. Has George grown fat in seclusion? Is Muhammad bored? Is it raining?

**PRO BASKETBALL** starts out with its two best centers on the sidelines but otherwise the game is in good shape, with a new team in the NBA and the ABA improved financially. Scouting reports look at plausible new contenders for divisional honors, and John Underwood provides a look at one fact of life that hasn't changed over the years—the Celtics' matchless John Havlicek.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



CALIFORNIAN ALBES



## GALIFORNIAN FIREBIRT

California, the most populous state in the nation, has become something of a supermarket of sport with its 20 professional teams (five major league baseball, five pro football, three pro basketball, three hockey, two soccer, two tennis) and all the action at the college level among hundreds of schools. We are well aware of the interest this generates. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has more readers in California than in any other state. (New York is second.

This is of particular concern to two of our most able writers, Ron Fimrite and Joe Jares, native Californians,

both. After several years of working out of New York, Fimrele and Jares have returned to their hometowns, Ron to San Francisco, Joe to Los Angeles. As before, their assignments for the magazine will take them all over the country, sometimes out of it, but between trips they will live in the sports-saturated Golden State, to our mutual advantage—and to their intense satisfaction.

Jares, a USC man and an ex-chavvinistic as any Los Angeleno, says, "Our baby, who had been resisting maturity in New York, began sprouting teeth as soon as we arrived in California." Firmité, who went to Cal, reflects the detached attitude of San Francisco when he says, "The fans here are different. Whereas other cities live and die with their teams, San Franciscans take winning or losing more in stride." Jares agrees, and notes that while Southern California's enthusiasm for Dodgers, Rams, Lak-

ers, USC, UCLA, etc. is a reflection of the success those teams enjoy, part of the fervor stems from the nature of the people. "You have to realize," he says, "that San Francisco was settled by sophisticated Easterners, Los Angeles by down-to-earth Midwesterners."

Whatever the differences between those cities, Farnate, who says he is living in the shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge, concedes that there are some things he misses about New York. But he adds, "Even the largest cities in the world can be reduced to a very few essentials. I love

physical beauty in a place, and I enjoy living near water, and that's San Francisco."

Jares, who left his snow tires behind in New York ("A symbolic cutting of that umbilical cord," he says), figures he can bicycle from his home in Beverlywood to his office in Beverly Hills in 10 minutes—if he can ever find time to shop for a bicycle. Since his return to California a month or so ago he has flown to Little Rock, Pittsburgh and Columbus on assignments.

Finnie, on the other hand, has been contentedly commuting up and down the Pacific Coast covering the pennant playoffs and the World Series. "I never did believe the Thomas Wolfe dictum that you can't go home again," he says.

Sack meyer



## If Beethoven were alive today, he'd be recording on "Scotch" brand recording tape.

Beethoven was a genius. But he was even more than that.

He was a pro.

So, next time you record something take a hint from the master.

Use "Scotch" brand—the Master Tape.

He was tough and demanding and insisted on perfection in everything he did. Just like the pros in today's music business. The people who may be putting a hundred thousand dollars on the line when they walk into a studio to put down a record.

And nearly 80% of all master recording studios use "Scotch" brand recording tape.

What else would Beethoven record on?



"Scotch" is a Registered Trademark of 3M Co.

## The Master Tape.



## **Get away. Get it together. Get home.**

Sure, living with the folks is okay...  
but there comes a time.

And there's the girl. You've got some  
decisions to make about her. But not  
next week.

And the job. It pays for the car and gas  
and a few laughs, but has it got a future?

Maybe.

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a breather.

130 days away from home.

130 days to get in shape like you've  
never been before.

130 days to get started in a skill that  
could pay off for life.

130 days to get it together and make  
some decisions.

And after 130 days you go home...  
ready to start the rest of your life.

## **The Marine Reserve.**

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# A winner never stops proving it. Presenting the Poulan SUPER XXV.

It's a quieter, more powerful version of the most successful lightweight in history. Beefed up to cut an 8" log in just under 4 seconds.

And even quieter than before.

Of course, it's still got all the features that made it a winner to begin with: an all metal housing, not plastic.

14-inch hard-tipped cutting bar, not 12" Chromed cutters on the chain. And a Tillotson all-position carb. All for \$139.95\*. With automatic chain oiling, just \$10 more.

The Super Twenty-five from Poulan. It just

goes to show, a  
winner never  
stops proving it.

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*A winner never stops proving it.*



For information write  
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It is not our least expensive policy.  
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It's just one of the imaginative approaches to life insurance that your New York Life Agent can suggest to protect your family's future. See him, or her, soon.

**We guarantee  
tomorrow today.**

A large, stylized illustration of a giant life insurance policy standing upright. The policy is a tall, rectangular block with a small New York Life logo at the top. The words "LIFE INSURANCE POLICY" are written diagonally across its front. At the base of the policy, a large, diverse crowd of people is gathered, many holding up small copies of the policy. The scene is set against a plain background.

**LIFE  
INSURANCE  
POLICY**

# There was a Grand American handing out cigars on September 25, 1950.



"Seven pounds, 14 ounces and all muscle," he said.  
And they all laughed with him.  
Then they drank to the health and happiness of his new son.  
And, of course, to the new mother.  
Everyone there was soon infected by his smile, and every father reminded of his firstborn, and the joy that was born with it.  
Schenley was there, part of the celebration.  
It was the best doggone whiskey they could get then. And it still is.  
It still has the classic smooth taste of Schenley, the unique honest flavor, the heritage of celebrated good times.  
And it's 100% American whiskey, the Grand American Whiskey.



## Schenley

The Grand American Whiskey.

**We've shared some good times together. Let's share a few more.**

Schenley Finest American Whiskey A Blend 50 Proof © 1974 Schenley Brothers Company, New York, New York

# stress

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Illinois Bell





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Launch another  
Cutty.

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**THERE'S ONE ROSÉ  
THAT STANDS OUT FROM ALL THE REST.**



There are a lot of rosés out there.  
But only one that comes from a certain small winery in Sonoma County, California.  
With a winemaking heritage that goes back to 1880.  
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**The Continental Insurance Companies**

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Making sure a copier works for your office goes far beyond installing a copier.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

## ESCAPADES ON CAMPUS ICE

What began as a seeming death knell for college ice hockey in the U.S. may end as nothing more than an old-fashioned power play. It was reported last week that the National Collegiate Athletic Association's council, meeting next Monday in Hollywood, Fla., would consider dropping the sport. Not entirely true. The subject will come up, but in the broader relationship of professional to college athletics. The expectation is the council will compromise if it can assure itself a firmer voice in amateur hockey.

The NCAA's difficulties with hockey revolve around differences with the Canadians, who provide a majority of the top performers on U.S. college teams. Tier One players in the Junior A leagues, Canada's best for youths ranging from early to late teens, are paid \$60 a week, making them professionals in NCAA eyes, but from the Canadian standpoint no more professional than U.S. college athletes who eat at training tables and sleep in special dormitories. Tier One players pay for their room and board and receive no laundry allowance.

Particularly galling to the NCAA is a grant of \$57,775 made by the National Hockey League to the Midwest Junior Hockey League based in Minneapolis. Major league baseball similarly supports U.S. college circuits, but these, says the NCAA, are certified and supervised by it. The players receive only expense money. They may earn more during off-baseball hours by taking local jobs at the going rate.

Obviously the NCAA would be happy to supervise the Midwest League and work out a *modus operandi* with the Canadians. But even if a compromise cannot be struck, the free ride through U.S. colleges for Canadian hockey players is far from doomed. In the unlikely event that the NCAA dropped hockey, most if not all of the 87 member schools that play the game (105 others have club teams) would continue to do so. Many have heavy investments and long tradi-

tions and, apparently, all have nothing to fear from the NCAA, which will not subject them to penalties in other sports. Such action might serve only to give the colleges ideas of independence. So expect a horse trade.

## MINIATURIZATION

What with the high cost of living and scarcity of feed grain, even Texas is thinking small these days. The Neiman-Marcus annual Christmas catalog is out, and this year's gift for the consumer who has everything is a 12-foot-square *mouse* ranch, for goodness sakes. It comes complete with mesa, cactus, corrals, feed bins and silver-plated "roundup tweezers," but even the seductive words of President Stanley Marcus—"Imagine the thrill of sitting around the campfire (or fireplace) singing songs of the prairie under the full moon (or lamp) with your own herd lowing softly (or squeaking gently)"—are not going to hide the fact that it costs \$3,500.

Japan, where the people naturally start from a smaller base than in Texas, has fallen on equally hard times. With the

cost of dog food at \$1.70 a pound, Tokyo department stores are featuring insects as pets. The price varies from 50¢ to \$3 a bug depending upon size, sex and supply. Females are cheaper, not necessarily because this is the East. One store reported sales of \$10,000 in one month, not including revenues from insect cages, insect exercise wheels, breeding kits, bug nets and books on insect care. Another created a screened-in rooftop insect park. Trees and grass were planted, millions of grasshoppers and beetles and other crawling things were imported, and children were provided with nets and allowed to roam the meadows snaring critters to their hearts' delight—for which Mama-san paid dearly downstairs.

If the trend holds, it won't be long before we're all thinking up funny names for our friendly pet amoebas.

## PEANUTS GOES TO COLLEGE—AUGH!

Washington & Lee University, loser of 10 straight games, was leading Randolph-Macon 20-18 with one second to go when a W&L freshman defensive back intercepted a pass on his own five-yard line. Sailed the game away, right? No. The young man skipped into his own end zone and touched the football down—for a safety and a 20-20 tie. His name, sorry to report, is Charley Brown.

## AUGH! AUGH!

Brigham Young was leading Colorado State 33-27 with just six seconds remaining. BYU Quarterback Gary Sheide was going to run out the clock by falling on the ball, but an unearthly yell by CSU Linebacker Kevin McLean rattled his concentration, and suddenly the ball was resting under a CSU man on the BYU 15-yard line with three seconds to go. CSU scored on a down-and-out to Willie Miller to tie the score at 33 after time had run out. Then came the confusion.

The Ram bench erupted onto the field to bury Miller in a joyous heap. Not proper, says a conference rule: interfering "with orderly game administration." Fifteen-yard penalty. Ordinarily, the penalty would be levied in the placement of the ball for the ensuing kickoff, but since the game was over it was tacked on to the yardage for the extra-point try, making that about a 35-yard effort.

The ball was up, 'ray! But it was too far to the left and the official was signaling no goal. Augh! Wait. The official's hands were in the air, the signal for

continued



ELLIOT GOULD  
New breed of actor

# JIM BEAM

**Two one-of-a-kind originals.**

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# A 19¢ BOX OF CRAYONS CAN SAVE YOU FROM MAKING A \$400 MISTAKE ON A COLOR TV.



1.



2.



3.



4.

Get your kid's box of crayons and take out three colors.

Red. Blue. Green.

These are the three colors that make up a color television picture.

If you took microscopic portions of color television screens, blew them up and simplified them, they would look like the diagrams above.

## FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Color in the circles in the first diagram.

Do not color the background.

You have just simulated the way the first generation of color TVs reproduced a color image. The colors look weak, soft.

This process was around back in 1956. Unfortunately, many color TVs on the market still use it today.

## SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Using the same three colors, color in the second diagram.

Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

The reason? The jet black background.

This process is also being used by many manufacturers today. And while

it may be far superior to generation 1, to a color TV expert it's practically ancient.

## THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Now we come to the modern way of reproducing a color image. Stripes.

Again, do not color in the background.

Notice how much more color you can get into stripes than circles. Even though the total area of the diagrams is equal.

The colors look brighter. More true-to-life.

This system is the newest method of reproducing a color image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

## TOSHIBA INTRODUCES FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

When you color in the fourth diagram, you'll see it has all the advantages of the previous two.

The wealth of color of a stripe.

Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.

Resulting in a brighter, clearer color television image.

This system was invented by Toshiba. It's called BLACKSTRIPE™.

We decided to demonstrate its superiority to you the best way possible. By letting you see for yourself.

Toshiba BLACKSTRIPE. If you buy a color TV that doesn't have it, you could be making a \$400 mistake.



Model shown: C-115. Manufacturer's suggested retail price: \$179.95. 11" picture mounted diagonally. Solid state circuitry composed of 5 plug-in modules for better performance and easy servicing. Line lock: automatically adjusts color balance, hue, brightness contrast and line timing. Matching control stand included. Other models available in 9", 13" and 19" screen sizes.

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Optional deluxe custom  
group, white sidewall tires  
and full wheel covers.

**Ten years ago  
it took the average  
family 6 months' pay  
to buy a  
1965 Ford LTD.**

Everybody remembers that in the good old days, things cost less.

But a lot of people forget that in the good old days, people took a lot less home in their paychecks.

According to the Department of Commerce, the median family income ten years ago in 1964 was \$6,569. Now in 1974, the median family income has almost doubled to \$13,000 (estimated by the New York stock brokerage firm Goldman, Sachs & Co.).

And when you compare these incomes to the standard model sticker prices of a 1965 Ford Galaxie 500/LTD and a 1975 Ford LTD Landau (effective September '64 and September '74 respectively), you'll find that our new cars take less of an average family's income today than in 1964—or to state

**This year,  
to earn a  
1975 LTD Landau  
it'll take them  
5 months' pay.**

another way, it takes less time to earn the 1975 Ford LTD Landau. And that 1975 Ford LTD Landau also comes with a lot of standard equipment that was either optional or unavailable in '65. Including steel-belted radial-ply tires, hard-state ignition, a 351 CID V-8, a long list of safety equipment, government-required emission controls, even power brakes and steering.

So, the 1975 buyer works less than his '65 counterpart to earn a top of the line Ford, and he gets more car.

And that's just one example of the kind of value Ford Motor Company has built into all of its cars for 1975.

So, if you're thinking about buying a 1975 car, see your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer. Because in 1975, they offer you a lot of car for the dollar. Now when you need it most.



**1975 Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars.  
A lot for your dollar at a time when you need it most.**

a good kick. Again, 'ray! Up went 34-33 on the scoreboard, where it stayed for 30 minutes, and away went the home crowd laughing.

Then the dreadful truth emerged. Official Jack Moyers, finally making himself heard over the din, said the kick *was* no good. League rules call for him to take the football in his hands and hold it high above his head to signal the end of the game. Since he couldn't find a ball, he just held up his hands. Good thinking, Moyers, and laugh! Again.

#### EAST, MEET EAST

The People's Republic of China is exacting a high price for its sudden emergence as a world power in sports. The Red Chinese will be good playmates only if Taiwan is excluded, and their latest victim is the Taiwanese volleyball team. As the Nationalist China players sat in neighboring Guatemala awaiting visas to Mexico, where the eighth world championships began last weekend, the International Volleyball Federation voted 54-18 to bar them from the competition.

The vote to exclude was as unfair as the action taken during the post-World War II era, when Communist China was told it could enter the Olympics only under the banner of Nationalist China, which it refused to do. After years of competing under the same flag, East and West Germany are recognized as separate entities in international contests, as they are now in the United Nations. The UN banished the Nationalists when it accepted Red China as a member, but that is no reason for sports federations to follow suit. They recognized German and Japanese athletes long before the UN admitted those countries. Athletics should be for everyone, for the two Germanies, for the two Chinas. Sport's ground rules are nonpolitical.

#### FOREMAN'S GOT RHYTHM

As cautious as George Foreman was in setting a new date for his bout with Muhammad Ali, he may have made it too late. According to a computer printout graph of his biorhythm cycles—there are three: physical, emotional and intellectual—the perfect day for the fight would have been this Sunday and not Oct. 29. Oct. 20 is the day all three of his cycles converge at the top of the "up" curve, something that occurs rarely, according to United Computing Systems, Inc. of St. Louis, which pulled the graph.

The biorhythm theory originated before the turn of the century in—where else?—Vienna. Believers hold that from the day of birth human lives move in predictable undulations involving the three separate cycles. People go from plus to minus on a curve and it is when they are on their downs that they should stay in bed and pull the covers over their heads. Foreman's three cycles will be downers on Oct. 29 but, according to another UCS, Inc. graph, the same is true of Ali's, only more so. The prognostication is for a mauling fight, with Foreman achieving an edge, unless the challenger finds a way to throw a new curve into those biorythmic graphs.

#### HENACE IN THE IVAN

For a brief second there, an international incident seemed to be brewing. After checking into Moscow's Hotel Rossiya, Team Canada member Pat Stapleton complained to Manager Bill Hunter: "My room is bugged."

Hunter, horrified: "How do you know?"

Stapleton: "I can see them running around the bathroom."

#### GAGEY RUN AT A RECORD

"Really, it's the most boring thing I've ever done." The speaker was Neal Watson, and he was describing his training for the latest—and one of the hairiest—assaults on a category in the Guinness Book of World Records. Already holder of the world depth record for scuba at 437 feet (he claims six people have died trying to break it), the 34-year-old Watson is planning a 150-mile underwater swim from Islamorada in the Florida Keys to West Palm Beach, where he owns a nightclub. He will follow the Gulf Stream about 10 miles offshore.

To get ready for his ordeal, Watson strung a half-mile long rope in 30 feet of water off the Bahamas and swam back and forth for six to eight hours a day until bad weather drove him to his pool, where he resumed the daily marathons. "I've been training for six months," he said last week. "Mostly it's conditioning your legs and your mouth to hold the mouthpiece, getting used to the mask, strengthening the tendons and muscles behind the ankles. You run out of things to think about down there and your mind can wander. You have to learn mind control."

One thing Watson thinks about a lot

is the peril of sharks. "I'll have to swim one complete night and perhaps part of another. The Gulf Stream is probably the most shark-infested area in the world. That's where the shipping lanes are; the water is warm and the ships throw out their garbage in that area. The sound of boats attracts sharks; they're also attracted to light and I'll be swimming with lights at night."

The expedition, which is being directed by former Astronaut Scott Carpenter, will get under way Nov. 15, weather permitting. It has been postponed twice. Watson calculates it will cost about \$50,000 and hopes to make that back with a movie or TV special and product endorsements. There will be a 65-foot charter boat trailed by a support boat pulling a 6-foot-by-7-foot shark cage.

Watson will be swimming behind the cage. The present underwater record, he says, is 48 miles, set in the English Channel in 1962. "Two years ago a guy tried to swim the Gulf on the surface in a cage," says Watson. "He aborted when the sharks began nibbling his cage."

Watson will be swimming about 40 to 50 hours and expects "my skin will begin to deteriorate." He will eat a liquid high-protein nutrient but has been practicing with candy bars underwater—"Not very appetizing"—and will be watched by an underwater closed-circuit television system. "If the sharks get too bad," he says, "I'll swim into the cage and proceed in it, if I can make the cage in time."

Better than than nutrient for the sharks.

#### THEY SAID IT

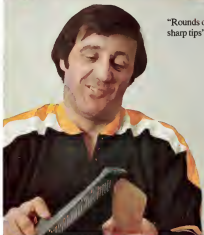
- John Keith, Oklahoma publicist, on 6'8", 290-pound tackle Mike Vaughan: "He plays right offensive mountain."
- Bill Walton, asked what is his biggest adjustment since entering pro basketball: "Deciding what to do with my free time."
- Robert Harris, Canadian millionaire, describing what he would do if his Portland Storm, last in the WFL Western Division, lost a million dollars this season: "I'd sell one of my buildings and I'd only have 49 left."
- Jim Sweeney, Washington State coach, whose team lost to Ohio State 42-7, on the advisability of playing the Buckeyes: "There's no good place to have Ohio State on your schedule—except New Year's Day."

END



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"Rounds off sharp tips"



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**Sports Illustrated**

OCTOBER 21, 1974

# A CALIFORNIA SPLIT FOR

*Oakland's versatile Bert Campanari tees a perfect squeeze bunt and Pitcher Ken Holtzman is easily safe at home—opportunistic A's at their*



# OPENERS

*Against a slightly zany backdrop cluttered with Frisbees, fistfights, lawsuits and at least one goddess, the World Series got under way, each team squeezing out a victory*  
by RON FIMRITE

*Best: Opportunity knocked in vain next day.*

CONTINUED



**GAME 1** The National Pastime has come a long way from its insular beginnings. It was not so very long ago, in fact, that in baseball geography St. Louis represented the Far West and Chicago was considered the last bastion of big-league civilization.

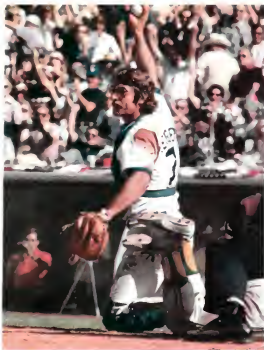
So now this game, long criticized as a slave to tradition, gives us its first all-California World Series, thus becoming the first major professional sport to have two teams from the Golden State competing for its highest prize. Tradition will hardly suffer from the encounter between the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Oakland A's, for Northern and Southern California have a long and honorable history of mutual animosity. And the game's prestige can only be enhanced since these are the best and most interesting teams in their leagues.

The events immediately preceding the first game clearly presaged an A's victory. This is a team nourished by adversity, and there was a feast of it on the board on World Series eve.

First, there was Mike Andrews' attempted revenge—a \$2.5 million damage suit filed against A's Owner Charles O. Finley and the team doctor who concurred with Finley's diagnosis that Andrews was physically unfit to play baseball after making two errors in last year's Series. The episode, the suit charges, caused Andrews "severe mental anguish and emotional distress"—the lot of all Finley employees, some would say.

Then there was Jim (Catfish) Hunter, the 25-game-winning pitcher. Mental anguish is not Hunter's hangup with Finley; money is. Through his lawyer, Hunter declared last week that Finley has paid him only half of his \$100,000 salary for 1974, and therefore he is technically a free agent. It is the Catfish's opinion that because Finley has failed to meet his contractual obligations, he, Hunter, could just as well be pitching for the Dodgers in the Series. Only his fidelity to his teammates has prevented him from seeking employment elsewhere, he averred.

This is a commendable sentiment, but one wonders why the pitcher should feel so attached to players whose affection for



Catcher Steve Yeager displays the ball after Joe Ferguson's superb throw into San Remo.

one another is so often alienated. There have been more fistfights in the A's clubhouse this year than in Madison Square Garden, the latest, between Pitchers Rollie Fingers and John (Blue Moon) Odom, occurring the day before the Series opened. Odom, it is reported, taunted his mound colleague over some recent domestic difficulties Fingers has been experiencing. Fingers' response was to pounce upon his tormentor in the way of all A's. Odom fought back vigorously, and after a brief struggle Fingers emerged with a scalp wound that required five stitches and Odom hobbled off with a twisted ankle.

Manager Alvin Dark, a religious man, saw no evil in the altercation. It was, he suggested, merely a "friendly scuffle" resulting not so much from bad blood as from an overfamiliarity that occasionally



Joe Rudi and Bill North via for the Jim Wynn home run that either, alone, might have had.



stroked an outside fastball over the left-field fence for a 1-0 lead. Then in the fifth, Ken Holtzman, the first A's pitcher to come to bat all year, doubled crisply to left, striking a blow of sorts against the American League's designated hitters. Holtzman moved to third base on a Messersmith wild pitch, and scored as Bert Campaneris dropped a picture-perfect suicide squeeze bunt back to the mound. The count at the time was two balls, two strikes, and only a bunter of Campaneris' consummate skill would have dared make the play.

The A's final—and deciding—run came in the eighth, which Campaneris led off with a single. He was sacrificed to second by Bill North and he ran all the way home when Dodger Third Baseman Ron Cey threw wildly to first base after fielding Sal Bando's high bouncer.

A home run, a squeeze play, an opponent's error: three runs. As usual, the A's hit not often but well, leaving only six runners on base, half as many as the Dodgers, who were able to score only when the A's erred.

With one out in the fifth inning, speedy Dave Lopes reached first when Campaneris bobbled his ground ball. Bill Buckner then bounced a single over 1st Baseman Gene Tenace's head into right field, and when Jackson, attempting to field the ball barehanded, fumbled it, Lopes scurried home.

"When I missed the ball Lopes was rounding second," Jackson recalled. "The next thing I knew he was crossing home plate. He must have a jet on him somehow."

The Dodgers scored for the last time in the ninth when Jim Wynn hit a home run that might not have cleared the fence had not Leftfielder Joe Rudi and Centerfielder North collided in pursuit of it. The ball actually ticked off North's outstretched glove.

"If we hadn't run into each other," said North, "either of us could have had it."

When Steve Garvey followed Wynn's homer with a single to right field, Dark replaced Fingers—who had replaced Holtzman in the fifth inning—with the potential defector, Hunter. Catfish promptly ended the game by striking out the powerful Joe Ferguson.

"It was the perfect time to bring the

Catfish in," said Dark in self-congratulation. "He isn't scheduled to pitch until Tuesday. We wouldn't have brought him in earlier, but with only one out to go, we figured he was our man."

The first game had gone pretty much as many knowledgeable baseball people had expected. The Dodgers did most of the hitting but not most of the scoring. The A's played with their usual economy of effort, doing just enough to win. On the field the Dodgers are the more spectacular team—both good spectacular and bad spectacular. If Cey's error cost them the game, a phenomenal throw immediately afterward by Rightfielder Ferguson kept them in it for the moment. Bando reached third on the Cey error, and after Jackson lofted a fly ball to right center he tagged up with every expectation of scoring. Centerfielder Wynn had called for the ball, but he has had arm problems all year that have sorely restricted his throwing. So Ferguson stepped in front of him to make the catch, reasoning that his was the more reliable throwing arm. As Bando raced for the plate, Ferguson uncorked a 300-foot strike to Catcher Steve Yeager. The ball reached the plate on the fly well ahead of the base runner. Bando tried to bowl Yeager over, but the catcher held fast. Bando was an easy out.

"That," said Wynn in wonder, "was the best throw I've ever seen."

continued

breeds contempt. "These players have been together so long—many of them all the way through the minors—that they just may know each other too well. There is more needling among players on this team than on any I know of. Sometimes the needling can get too serious."

Not that needling, lawsuits, threatened desertions, fistfights or what have you can appreciably damage what passes for morale on this bizarre baseball team. In the opening game of the 1974 Series, the A's formed a united front against the foe. Playing before a record Dodger Stadium crowd of 55,974 and opposed by the best Dodger pitcher, Andy Messersmith, the A's made the most of six hits and won 3-2. And who should the pitching hero be but the fighting-mad reliever, Fingers.

The scoring was typically A'sian, reflecting the team's Renaissance versatility. Leading off the second inning, Reggie Jackson, suffering still from one of his innumerable hamstring muscle pulls,



Reggie Jackson swings for the majestic home run that no man's leap could have impeded.



**SPLIT** continued

**GAME 2** Ferguson was a hero on offense the very next day, his two-run homer in the sixth inning enabling the Dodgers to reverse the 3-2 score in their favor. It was a prototypical Southern California day—warm and windless with only a suggestion of smog in the air. Dodger Stadium, encircled by tall palms, its pastel shades glistening in the sun, seemed more like a beach resort than a ball park. The place has an ambience peculiarly its own and baseball is not always a part of it. Frisbee throwing may, in fact, be the stadium's No. 1 sport. Perhaps half a dozen of the discs were sailed onto the field in this game alone.

A nonparticipant who contributed to the unathletic atmosphere was this year's Miss California, Lucianne Buchanan, who is the tall, tanned blonde goddess everyone expects Miss Californians to be. Miss Buchanan is scarcely an impartial observer since she has been Finley's guest at all the A's playoff and Series games.

Lucianne had little to cheer about on Sunday as first Don Sutton and then, inevitably, Mike Marshall, throttled the A's in a game flavored with some astonishing defensive plays. The Dodgers scored a run in the second off A's starter Vida Blue on a walk to Cey, a bloop single to right by Bill Russell and a more legitimate hit by Yeager that sent Cey home. Then in the sixth Garvey beat out a hit up the middle that Campaneris nearly took away from him with a brilliant

*Fast but vulnerable, lesser Vida Blue twists to eye the arc of a ball hit to the outfield.*

backhand stop. Ferguson followed with the game-winning homer, a line drive that easily cleared the center-field fence 395 feet away. When he returned to his position after the inning, the Frisbee throwers in the right-field pavilion rose to salute him.

Three runs seemed quite sufficient, for Sutton was having little difficulty with the futile A's. Up to the eighth inning he had held them to two hits, a third-inning double by Campaneris and a seventh-inning single by Jackson, and he had struck out eight. But with one out in the eighth, A's pinch hitters Jim Holt and Claudell Washington hit back-to-back singles and Campaneris reached first when Russell misplayed his routine ground ball. Three runs did not seem sufficient with one out, the bases loaded, the swift North at bat and an infield that had been anything but reliable.

North hit a sharp bouncer near second base that Russell fielded cleanly enough. He stepped on second for one out and threw to first, hoping for the double play. But the ball bounced in the dirt several feet in front of Garvey. At 5'10" Garvey is short for a first baseman and his infielders, most of whom are not celebrated for their accuracy, have fallen into the habit of throwing low to him, often too low. "I've probably had 30 to 35 pickups this year," he said. And this was another one. With a sweeping gesture he took two runs away from the A's, retired the side and saved his shortstop untold embarrassment.

"It was the key play of the game," Bando said afterward. "If he doesn't catch that ball, we have two runs and a man on second."

Bando himself was hit by the first pitch of the ninth inning. He went to third when Jackson, checking his swing, grounded a double to the left-field corner. Sutton, shutout or no, was taken out by Manager Walter Alston and replaced by Marshall, the professorial reliever from Michigan State.

Marshall's grand moment would not come immediately. Rudi, the first batter he faced, lined a single to center field that scored both Bando and Jackson. Then, after Gene Tenace struck out, Dark sent pinch-running specialist Herb Washington in to run for Rudi. Washington's arrival in a game is not always applauded

by those he replaces. During the playoffs, Tenace expressed his resentment at being removed in favor of the sprinter by bouncing his batting helmet off the dugout floor and onto the field. But Rudi is a gentler sort.

"I had just said to [First Base Coach Jerry] Adair, 'Why don't they run Herb for me,'" Rudi said after the game. "And then when he came out, I said to Garvey, 'I guess this is mental telepathy.'"

Actually, it was closer to madness. Washington is not known to many ball-players. Track, after all, is his sport. But when he stepped on first in Rudi's stead, he found himself in familiar company. Garvey, the man standing next to him on the base, was a senior at Michigan State when Washington was a freshman and the two had taken at least one class together. Not far away, staring at him dispassionately, was Marshall, who once taught Washington in a course in Child Growth and Development.

"We had a good trio of Michigan State guys on the field," said Garvey, who retains the clean-cut looks of his undergraduate days.

The reunion, however, was short-lived. With Angel Mangual, another A's pinch hitter, at bat, Marshall first faked a throw to first base, then, when Washington was least expecting it, he fired low and hard to the bag. Garvey made another sweep and tagged Washington for the second out of the inning. Mangual quickly became the third by striking out. The pickoff, like the Garvey pickup an inning earlier, snapped off a rally; they saved the day for the Dodgers.

"It was a perfect setup," said Garvey, sounding a little like Redford or Newman. "Marshall stepped off the rubber three times and we froze Herb. The throw was on the money. He has world-class speed, but it's a different thing running the bases. This is Herb's first year and he's improved, but it's still tough."

Tough, too, on Finley, who first thought up the idea of a pinch-running specialist. When Washington returned to the dugout in humiliation, the crowd near Finley on the first-base side of the field rose, seemingly en masse, to give him a giant raspberry.

The man had had a bad week. But there was another yet to come.

**AND**

*Overpowering until near the end, winner Don Sutton fires one in to dangerous Joe Rudi.*





# OHIO STATE MAY BE NO. 1 . . .



*The Buckeyes destroyed Wisconsin 52-7 to reinforce the argument that they are the best team in the country*

by JOE JARES

**I**t was supposed to be a meaningful football game, a tester for mighty Ohio State, which has escaped the plague of upsets and near-misses that have marked the season so far. Wisconsin had beaten Nebraska, Wisconsin had crushed Missouri, and now Wisconsin was in Columbus, ready to deal with the top-ranked Buckeyes. An Ohio Stadium record crowd of 87,717 was there, and what they saw was almost frightening.

Ohio State scored eight of the first nine times it had the ball, stopped on the fifth try not by Wisconsin but by the end of the first half. Tailback Archie Griffin gained more than 100 yards for the 16th consecutive game and the defense intercepted five passes. The score was 52-7, and the Buckeyes looked perfectly capable of marching down to Cincinnati the next day and taking on the Bengals. Rate it even.

"They were awesome," said Wisconsin Coach John Jardine. "They're a great football team, there's no other way to say it. Since I've been here this is the best football team we've ever met." And so forth.

Awesome is certainly one word for the Buckeyes. Also brutal, relentless and deep. In fact, Ohio State seems to be as deep as most conferences. There is a grove of buckeye trees near the stadium, each with a plaque honoring one of the school's All-Americans. At the end of this season they may have to plant more trees. Sophomore Safety Bruce Ruhl intercepted passes against Wisconsin, but he was in there only because the regular starter broke an arm two games before. Champ Henson led the nation in scoring two years ago but now has to split fullback duties with a 237-pound tank of a sophomore, Pete Johnson. Center Steve Myers, whose

*continued*

*Before launching an Ohio State gets together and works itself into a frenzy.*

# BUT DON'T TELL MICHIGAN



*The Wolverines countered with a 21-7 triumph over Michigan State and refuse to settle for No. 2*

by **TEX MAULE**

**S**Second best? What's with this second best, Michigan would like to know. Up in Ann Arbor, some 175 miles north of Columbus, the Wolverines were staking their own claim to the national championship, disposing easily of traditional rival Michigan State. Sure, the score was not nearly as eye-popping as the Buckeyes', but 21-7 might easily have been, say, doubled. Second best? Michigan begs to differ.

It was apparent almost immediately that Michigan State was no real match for Michigan in speed, size or skill. The Spartans are a young, lively team, but Michigan had more of everything, including incentive. Burt Smith, the Michigan State athletic director, provided the latter at the end of the 1973 season when he voted to send Ohio State to the Rose Bowl instead of Michigan; this was particularly galling to Michigan since the final vote for Ohio State, which had tied Michigan for the conference championship in the final game of the season, was six to four. Had it been five and five, Michigan would have gone, because Ohio State had been to Pasadena the previous year.

Coach Bo Schembechler was understandably upset. Dennis Franklin, the Michigan quarterback, had suffered a broken collarbone in the Ohio State game, and Smith, like the other athletic directors who sided with him, wanted a victory after four consecutive Big Ten defeats in the Rose Bowl.

"I thought the Bowl trip was a reward for the team, win or lose," Schembechler said then. "Why penalize the whole team for one injury?"

"We remember," one Wolverine player said. "We don't talk about it, but we remember." Bumper stickers on the Michigan campus suggested **BURT SMITH**

*Equally emotional, Michigan charges onto the field, led by its quarterback, Dennis Franklin.*



Quarterbacks rarely lead in rushing, but OSU's Greene did with 146 yards against Wisconsin.

#### OHIO STATE *continued*

long blond hair and mustache make him look like a Viking invader, broke a bone in his right hand, was moved to guard against Southern Methodist and was named Ohio State's best lineman that week. Quarterback Cornelius Greene, Most Valuable Player in the Rose Bowl victory last January, runs better than most team's scabbards, and he even passes occasionally.

And then there is Archie. It is common to hear running backs give credit to their offensive lines. At Ohio State the blockers say things like, "With a back like Griffin, you don't need too many blocks. He makes you look good."

Griffin, surprisingly, has benefited not only from the coaching of Woody Hayes but from that of USC's John McKay. Hayes used to line up his tailback five or 5½ yards behind the line until he noticed that McKay was having good luck lining up people like Mike Garrett and O. J. Simpson seven yards back. Hayes figured that it was beneficial to let his tailback have those extra steps and seconds to find daylight.

Every Heisman Trophy candidate needs a propaganda buildup, and Griffin, a junior, gets his share. But he deserves the attention. He made a 75-yard touchdown run on a sore leg against Washington State, he already has run for more yards than any other Buckeye in history, and he was leading the nation in

rushing going into the Wisconsin game. And he is tough. An ex-high school wrestler, he is adept at breaking tackles. In the third quarter of the Wisconsin game he threw a good block that helped Henson thrust two yards into the end zone almost untouched.

"Archie Griffin is the best running back I've ever seen," said Jardine before the game. "He's strong, durable, runs tough and has good speed. Cornelius Greene has the quickness very few quarterbacks have. He loves to run with the ball, which makes him extremely dangerous. Let's face it—this team is strong everywhere."

Jardine also was not downgrading his own side. "We've played four good teams and beaten three of them, and we plan to go to Ohio State to win," he said. "Believe me, we are for real."

The Badgers looked unreal at the beginning. Ohio State kicked off, Wisconsin started a drive at its own 20 and before the game was two minutes old it was leading 7-0. Quarterback Gregg Bohlig, who had completed all eight of his passes against Missouri, hit Flanker Ron Pollard for a 38-yard touchdown. Didn't Wisconsin know who it was playing?

Just who it was quickly became obvious. Ohio State came right back with a 43-yard field goal by its first-ever soccer-style kicker, Tom Klubau. Then the Buckeyes forced a punt, marched 59

yards in six plays to go ahead 10-7 and proceeded to march or dash to touchdowns on every possession thereafter, except for that bothersome halftime interruption, until Griffin's kid brother Ray fumbled with eight seconds left in the game. Wisconsin's Bohlig, harmed by a strong rush, was intercepted four times. The team that had run up 59 points on Missouri managed a mere seven against Ohio State.

Greene passed for one touchdown to Brian Baschnagel and ran for two more, gaining 227 yards overall, compared to Griffin's 132. Baschnagel also scored two touchdowns, with Griffin, Henson and sub Quarterback Steve Morrison getting the others.

At his postgame press conference Hayes wore his cozing-with-good-fellowship personality, the one he must use when he is out in Dayton or Canton or Massillon telling mothers that their sturdy sons belong in Columbus. He was the professional rather than the hysterical, tear-up-the-linesmarkers Woody, and he had kind things to say about almost everybody and everything.

The game was "as good a game as we've played in a long time," he said softly and proudly, almost glowing. His defensive team was "superb." Wisconsin, despite the 45-point margin, was "a hell of a good football team." Greene "is the fastest quarterback we've had, even a little faster than Rex Kern." Kern led Ohio State to its last national championship in 1968. It was all so charming and convivial until he suddenly remembered he was supposed to be a curmudgeon, and interrupted.

"You must remember that I'm a mean old coach. Don't call me good ol' Woody yet."

Someone asked about the heart attack he suffered last June 6. "I'm not as tired this year as I was last," he said. "I knew that damn thing was coming, but there wasn't a thing I could do about it. I had work to do. This season I've been going 14 or 15 hours a day. I'm all right. That's the least of my worries."

"I just want to keep winning. I just love to win. I just love to win."

Chances are good ol' Woody will indeed keep winning, at least until Nov. 23, the day Ohio State plays another team that keeps on winning, archival Michigan, quite possibly the second-best team in the country. What a day that promises to be.

FOR QUARTERBACK with a nail through the nose.

But the Wolverines really did not require that incentive. The first time they got their hands on the ball, Franklin took them 48 yards on a neatly put together drive that ended with a pitchout to one of the few small men on the team, Tailback Gordon Bell. Bell, 5'9" and 175, skipped down the sideline for 13 yards and a touchdown as the formidable Michigan blockers worked over would-be Spartan tacklers.

By halftime Michigan led 21-0. Franklin, whom Schembechler has called the best quarterback in collegiate football, had gone a long way toward proving it. He is quiet and self-contained, with enough confidence to argue with Schembechler about football philosophy and enough discipline to yield to his coach's wisdom. On the option play, which is the backbone of the Wolverine attack, Franklin's preference is to pass, something Schembechler looks on with about as much enthusiasm as does Woody Hayes. But, although he is given considerable freedom in play selection, Franklin uses the pass with admirable prudence. In this game he threw only nine times and completed five.

One of the completions was on a rare long throw, a gamble Schembechler felt justified in taking with only six seconds left in the half and Michigan on the State 44-yard line. Franklin, who has an exceptionally strong arm, dropped back and hit Split End Jim Smith, who had been overlooked by the Spartan defense, on the five-yard line. Easy touchdown.

After the game, breathing painfully from bruised ribs which forced him out in the fourth period, Franklin seemed almost apologetic for having scored on so typical a play.

"Usually there's no use in a play like that," he said. "You just put it out there, and hope some one runs under it. I did, and he caught it."

Schembechler, an intense driver with an extraordinary talent for organization, was not really pleased with the victory, although it must have been a particularly satisfying one.

"I was quite disappointed with the second half," he said. "We didn't move the ball well. It was bad coaching, and I don't blame the kids, I blame myself. I didn't let our offense run at them and I tried to



Defense is a Michigan trademark, as State's Levi Jackson learns from assorted Wolverines.

get too fancy with a 21-0 lead. When you get a little older, like I am, I guess you get a little frivolous."

Michigan's second touchdown might be termed a bit frivolous, but it was not a Schembechler operation. Tom Birney, the Spartan punter, missed a one-hop snap from center on his 21, was crunched by Defensive End Dan Jilek and fumbled the ball all the way into the end zone, where Jilek pounced on it.

Jilek was one of the few Michigan players who admitted special satisfaction in the victory. "It was good to get the touchdown," he said later. "And it was especially good to beat Michigan State. Coach Schembechler never said anything about the vote during the week, but he didn't have to. It was in the back of all our minds. You never forget a thing like that."

And so it seems certain that an undefeated Michigan again will be playing an undefeated Ohio State for the Rose Bowl and, possibly, for No. 1. Although it is no longer true that the Big Ten is the Big Two and eight also-rans, the rest of the conference has not yet caught up to these schools.

A great deal of the credit for the Wolverines' success over the past few seasons belongs to Schembechler, who has lost only six of 60 games since coming to Michigan five years ago from Miami of Ohio. His attention to detail is so meticulous that it extends to charting the

position of players and coaches for the annual team picture, and he has a Lombardi-like quality for inspiring players.

Schembechler was brought to Ann Arbor by Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham, who used to be the school's head track coach. Like Schembechler, Canham is an efficient organizer who owns a successful manufacturing company and runs the Michigan athletic department like a business. He hired Schembechler on recommendations by, of all people, Sonny Werblin, then owner of the New York Jets, and George Allen, the coach of the Washington Redskins, neither of whom knew Bo personally.

"George had looked at movies of Miami games, looking for talent," Canham says. "He told me that the club was exceptionally well drilled and well organized, and the coach was doing a hell of a job."

"Then I went East to try to get Joe Paterno for the job, but he did not want to leave Penn State. I ran into Sonny Werblin in Toots Shor's, and he said he had been looking at film and his coaches liked the way Miami looked. 'I don't know what the coach's name is, but I'd look him up,' he said."

So, if Michigan can manage a victory over Ohio State and Franklin can stay healthy, the Wolverines may make it to the Rose Bowl and the national title by way of a New York saloon.

END



# I'LL ALWAYS BE OUTSPOKEN

When Jackie Robinson became the first black man to play big-league baseball I was a kid on the Oakland sandlots, already planning to be a ballplayer. I told my mother that's what I wanted to be and she said, "Then that's what you will be." Being black didn't seem to be a factor particularly.

Then after I'd been in the big leagues myself for five or six years I thought, "I want to stay in this game," and I started looking forward to managing. It didn't seem to me that the color of my skin would be a problem. By the time I was ready, I figured, baseball would be.

In Santurce, Puerto Rico, in winter ball, I proved to myself that I could manage. The major leagues, however, seemed to be resisting the notion of a black manager. I decided that I'd been wrong to assume that I'd get a chance. It appeared that the first black manager wouldn't be hired until after Frank Robinson was out of the picture. I thought it was five or six years away, even though it was already long overdue.

So when the Indians offered me the job I was surprised. But ready. When Phil Seghi, the general manager, met with me he didn't warn me about the perils of being a pioneer, the way Branch Rickey did Jackie. Seghi didn't say anything about a barrier falling. He'd known me since we were both in the Cincinnati organization, and he just said I was the type of person the Indians wanted. I'm an objective person, one who likes to talk things out personally with ballplayers—black, white or Latin. I'm not going to manage according to race.

I did tell my wife Barbara that we'd probably have greens and black-eyed

*So says major league baseball's first black manager, speaking out here on race, player discipline, the Perry affair, job security—and the managers he himself has served*

by **FRANK ROBINSON**

with **ROY BLOUNT JR.**

peas in the clubhouse now. She said, "You don't even like greens."

"I do, too," I said. "I like cabbage." "Cabbage isn't greens!" she said. "Imagine that, he's black and doesn't know what greens are."

"Well, I like neckbones," I said. But what I am really partial to is winning.

After all the years of expectation and wondering, the job came to me all of a sudden. I didn't even know the Indians had offered it to me until three days after they had. I didn't get the word until 24 hours before the Oct. 3 press conference at which it was announced that I was taking it. The Indians went first to my agent, Ed Kentang, who didn't want me to get excited until he knew the deal was firm.

For years now people have been telling me, "Whenever the black-manager thing happens, you are going to be the first." I couldn't be so sure. I had gone on record that there ought to be a black manager and I wanted to manage, but after a while, as club after club passed up all the qualified blacks, there wasn't much more for me to say about it. I was tired of making the same statements. There was no new angle. Whenever I'd see Maury Wills or one of the other blacks who were being mentioned as candidates, we'd just say something light—

"Hey, you think the thing is ever going to happen?" or "If you get it first, hire me as a coach and if I do I'll hire you." I knew it was going to be a case of somebody being in the right place at the right time. Bouncing around from club to club, I hadn't established myself with any one, and teams usually like to hire someone out of their own organization. That worried me.

I didn't want to leave Baltimore when I was traded by the Orioles in 1971. If I had to go, I was glad it was to my home state, California, but I didn't see any chance of managing in L.A. Then when the Dodgers traded me to the Angels, in '72, I thought this was the perfect situation. I figured I would finish my career there, and since the general manager, Harry Dalton, knew me from Baltimore I thought that when the opportunity came the Angels would consider me for the managing job.

But when Bobby Winkles was fired, Dick Williams was available. If you can get a Dick Williams, you take him, even over a Frank Robinson, because Williams has proven himself as a big-league manager. I probably wasn't even considered. In fact Dalton had all but told me that I wouldn't be back next year, even as a player. Williams probably wanted to go with younger guys.

That meant I had to do something about finding the right place to play out what I knew would be my last season, 1975. This past year was the second of a two-year contract with the Angels which had a clause giving me the right not to be traded anywhere without my approval. When that contract ran out, I would have no such rights.

After he left the Yankees, Mike Burke

*continued*

was quoted as saying he had planned to bring me in as manager. That was the first I'd heard of that. But this past June a deal was all set for me to go to the Yankees as a player. The Angels were going to get Roy White, Bill Sudakis and Dick Woodson for me and Rudy May. All I had to do was say O.K. Keating talked to the Yankees and asked them to guarantee where I would be in '75 and to pay me a cost-of-living increase and expenses for moving my family to New York. They wouldn't go for all that, so I stayed with the Angels.

What I'd hoped to do was go to Boston. It makes me feel good to walk into Fenway Park; I've always hit well there. But the Red Sox wouldn't give up the players the Angels wanted for me.

Then in July I was put on waivers. I expected the Red Sox to claim me, but Baltimore got in ahead of them. We talked to the Orioles and they wouldn't agree to terms. So my old team kept me from going to Boston. But later in the year we had just about worked out a deal with Baltimore, and I was put on waivers again. This time the Indians, who had passed me up before, took me ahead of the Orioles. I was stunned.

"Why would he go to Cleveland? He must have known something," people say. But I went there because they met my contract requirements. They hired me strictly as a player. I could see a managerial possibility there, but I didn't create any threat to Ken Aspromonte, the man I'm replacing. He was under fire before I arrived. On the Angels' first trip into Cleveland this year I heard that if we took the series, Aspromonte was out and Larry Doby was replacing him as manager. But the Indians beat us three straight, got hot, became pennant contenders, and I guess that killed Doby's chances to be the first black manager.

So 2½ weeks before the season was over and after the Indians had dropped out of the race, I came to Cleveland as a player. Two weeks later, on the Friday before the Thursday press conference, I had words in the clubhouse with Gaylord Perry. He had told the press that, as their best pitcher, he was doing more for the Indians than I was, and therefore he wanted as much as I got next year plus one dollar more. I was under a lot of pressure by then, with people asking me about the manager's job, which I honestly didn't know anything about, and I shouted at Gaylord that I didn't care

what he said in negotiations behind closed doors but I didn't want him throwing my name and salary around in public. That same day Aspromonte went into Seghi's office and demanded to know how he stood for the next year. Seghi said he couldn't tell him anything until the season was over. So Aspromonte quit, effective the end of the season.

That evening Ed Keating was in the Theatrical Bar in Cleveland, in the middle of a long-distance call, when oddly enough the voice of Howard Cosell broke in on the phone. "Why didn't you tell me?" Cosell demanded. "Tell you what?" Keating said. "That Frank had an argument with Gaylord Perry and Aspromonte is quitting." Cosell said. It was news to Keating. Aspromonte was sitting right there in the Theatrical. "Did you resign?" Ed asked him. Aspromonte said yes. Ed called Seghi, who said, "Talk to me Sunday." The next day the paper boy woke up my wife at 6:30 a.m. in L.A. to show her the headlines about me, Gaylord and Aspromonte. She says she lost four pounds that day.

On Sunday, while I was getting dressed to play the Yankees in Cleveland, Seghi told Ed that the Indians were offering me the manager's job. They began to talk. The next day, knowing nothing, I went on to Boston for the last series of the year. Keating and I had already worked out a game plan in case the job did come up. We would try to get deal A or deal B. The one Ed got was the lesser of the two, but it included an automobile and an apartment in Cleveland, plane tickets back and forth to the Coast, an expense account and the same salary I'd had in '74. I would manage and be a designated hitter. I won't play after '75, so if I'm rehired as manager in '76 my salary will go down somewhat.

All the time these negotiations were going on I was dragging around the three weeks' clothes that I'd brought from L.A., and Ed still hadn't told me anything. Finally, at 6 p.m. on the last day of the season, he called me in Boston and said to meet him the next morning at LaGuardia Airport. He was in New York talking to another client. When I got there he told me the deal was set for me to manage the Indians. I just had to say yes or no. We'd better not print exactly what I said, but what it came to was pleasure and consent. We tracked down my bags and flew to Cleveland, and the next day I was fielding questions from more than

100 press people from around the U.S.

I've never had such a fuss made over me. I understand it, but I don't like for a manager to appear bigger than the ball club. This is no knock on Ted Williams, but I don't want it to be like it was when he managed the Senators, with all the attention on him.

I do think that a manager is more important to a team than people give him credit for. I've heard it said that a manager makes the difference in only five games a year. That's ridiculous. But a ball club should be like a family. Everybody should have a voice in it. Sometime on an off-day next season I'm going to say, "We're not going to hit, we're not going to run and throw, we're going to sit around together and you can ask me questions about how the team's being run. Fire away." I don't think that is ever done in baseball because managers have been afraid to have their authority questioned. If there's a team meeting and somebody says pitch a guy up and in and somebody else says low and away, managers don't like it. "Too many voices," they say. I like to hear voices.

If a player's doing something different from the way I like, I'll call him over and ask him why. If he's got a valid reason, O.K., boom. But if he can't justify it in the family, the manager is like the father. I won't be treating them like kids, but it's like in a family when the kid says, "Can I go out tonight?" and the father says, "No." And that's that. That's what I like about being a manager.

But talk about it first. With today's ballplayers, you have to explain things. These days you can't go around pounding "I am the boss" into people's heads. One day last year with the Angels, Bobby Winkles chewed a lot of us out. "I've been very lenient," he said, "but now I'm going to have to crack down. There's only one manager here and that's me."

And all the Angels looked at each other and shook their heads. A manager wants to avoid causing his players to do that. They're saying, "You don't have to tell us you're the manager. We know that." It sounds like the manager is telling himself, because he doubts it. Then the players start doubting it. I guess Winkles was afraid of losing his job. He thought I was trying to take it away from him. First he told me to help him by talking with the other players. Then he said I was talking to some of them too much. So Rudy May walked by and I didn't say

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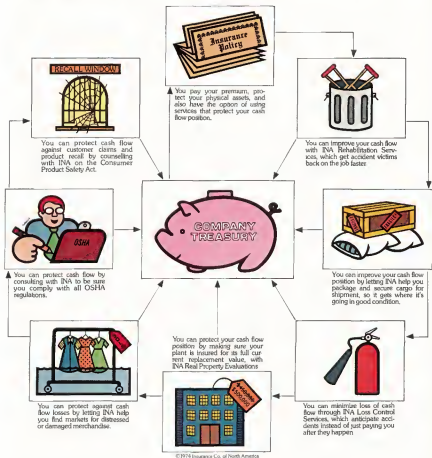


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anything to him. "Hey, you mad at me?" he said.

"Winkles said you complained that I was getting on you too much," I said.

"I never said that," he said, "and Winkles never said anything about all this to me."

I went to Winkles to talk it out. Finally, he said, "I know you're friends with Harry Dalton, and if it comes down to it he'll choose you over me."

You've got to feel secure in yourself as a person. You've got to know you can lose the job and still feel secure.

Players are less insecure now. They make more money than they used to. They are not so dependent on their baseball income. They know they can hit .270 and still get a \$10,000 raise. In some ways that's bad. They don't have the same incentive they had when I came along. But it's a new age. You have to be open, and you have to make players trust you, know that they can talk to you honestly.

You've got to avoid backing yourself into a corner. Once when I was in Baltimore, Hank Bauer, who was basically a good manager, called a meeting and told us to shape up. "I'll be here," he said, "when a lot of you guys are gone."

We looked at each other. "Hey, who's he kidding?" The next year he was gone. You've got to avoid saying something that will cause you later to say, "Well, I didn't mean that."

Which doesn't mean that you can't chew people out, and call names, as long as it's within the family. You've got to know how to rip into people. Sometimes a manager will give a pep talk, trying to fire the team up, and afterwards they're more disappointed than before. They're sitting there thinking, "Come on, we want it, we need it, really get on our backs." Then the manager turns out to be almost apologetic. That's worse than if he didn't talk to you at all. This is no rap on Walter Alston, but in '72 the Dodgers were drifting around, getting nowhere, and we were waiting for him to really tie me up. He never did. I guess it's just not in his nature. It is in mine.

You should never nip a player in print, at least not without talking to him first. Managers often did that to me, and I resented it every time. When I was with the Reds and hurt my arm in spring training, Fred Hutchinson told the press that I ought to know enough to get my arm into shape, and that every game I had to sit out was going to cost me a day's pay.

To me he said nothing. It's easy to say that kind of thing to reporters. They're sitting there anxious to hear it, it makes good copy. What's harder is to tell the player face to face. But that's what you have to do.

A player will test a manager. He'll try to push him, to see how far he can go, to see what the manager's made of. I did it when I was a player. It's a way to get to know people. Sometimes it's childish, but the manager has to be willing to take it and dish it out—personally, and not through reporters.

We have some good young players on the Indians and some of them acted like they didn't care about playing during the last 2½ weeks of the season, while I was with the team. George Hendrick, the outfielder who has great talent, went home before the last game. We're going to start fresh next year.

You have to be fatherly with young players; that's what they want. That means knowing when and how to be easy and when and how to be hard. Birdie Tebbets, my first manager when I came up with the Reds, was always talking with his players. When I went into a slump my first year he said, "I'm sitting you out tonight. I've seen too many young players ruined by a slump like this. But don't worry about it. You'll play tomorrow." If it hadn't been for Tebbets I might not have made it through my first season. Earl Weaver was always pushing you. If you'd scored 20 runs he wanted that 21st. If you had five hits he wanted that sixth. That worked too, because he always kept in touch with you, with every man on the ball club. Weaver's the first man I'm going to talk to about how to set up spring training next year.

I never really knew my own father. I never saw him after I was eight. But it didn't bother me because I had other people keeping after me. My mother, my 10 older brothers and sisters. I was always right in the middle of a bunch of bigger boys, and they'd rough me up and give me information. They were always keeping my feet on the ground, making me see the outlook from other sides. That made me want to help other people, too, to pass on advice.

After Reggie Jackson had his disastrous year in 1970, following his great season the year before, I worked with him in Puerto Rico. One of the things I told him was that whatever problems he had with his owner, Charles Finley, he had

to look at things from Finley's side. Right or wrong. I think I got myself together in that way earlier than most young players. I always tried to see things from the general manager's side. Although the general managers might not think so. Maybe I saw their side differently from the way they saw it.

When I was a kid I wasn't rebellious, but I had problems with people close to me. When I wanted more attention than they were giving me, I'd get under their skin. People have accused me of being a troublesome player, but I was easy to manage as long as I wasn't lied to or crossed up. When I was a young player I was actually very quiet and withdrawn. In those days rookies were seen and not heard. I never had any real trouble with the Reds' organization until Bill DeWitt took over the front office. When Gabe Paul was in charge, a player could talk to him any time without an appointment, if he wasn't busy. One day I was standing by the scoreboard and I saw DeWitt for the first time. I said I'd like to talk to him about my contract. He said, "I'm going to Chicago for two weeks. If you're around when I get back you can come to see me then." He didn't say it in a way that indicated he wanted to get to know me. When he finally called me in to talk, the first words out of his mouth were, "I hear you don't always put out." And he was going to cut my salary \$2,500. It was just a running battle from then on. I didn't take to having things rammed down my throat. Neither do most players today.

A manager shouldn't cut himself off from his players. I don't like for a manager to sit down at one end of the bench with his coaches. I'm going to move around on the bench, sit in the middle of everybody. Why should the manager always sit in the front of the bus by himself or with a coach? I'm going to sit in the back of the bus with the boys when I feel like it. I won't be back there to snoop, but if I hear talk I'll say, "Hey, let me in on that."

Since I'll be playing next year, I'm going to take batting practice with the boys, be buddy-buddy with them. Up to a point. Fred Hutchinson was rough, tough. Players were afraid of him. I don't want anybody to be afraid of me. But they'll have to know I'm the manager. It'll be a thin line. A very thin line, in fact.

There's some sadness and resignation about becoming a manager. You can't

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have a couple of friends in particular among the players. I might say, "Hey, Buddy Bell, Oscar Gamble, George Hendrick, let's go have a drink," but when I get together with players like that now it won't be shooting the breeze; it'll be a discussion. There are places around the league I've found that I enjoy, places where the players go. I'll miss those places. I'm not going to check my players' beds, and if I walk into a place where they are I don't want them to gulp their drinks and run, but we cannot drink together all night. I've never been in a situation before where I was not one of the boys. Even managing in Puerto Rico—it was more relaxed down there—I could socialize with the players. I'll miss that, I don't know just how I will handle it, but I will.

I do know I can separate "the way I would have done it" on the field from what my players can do. I may see someone make a play on a ground ball and think, "I would've gotten in front of that ball, not backhanded it." But I cannot move their hands for them. I can't make contact for them. All I ask is that they look me in the eye and tell me they are giving 100%. Managers tend to think they're putting themselves in a player's place, when actually they're romanticizing themselves as players. There's a saying in baseball that a .250 hitter becomes an ex-.300 hitter when he starts managing. I'm not going to do that. For one thing, I was a .300 hitter. But I'll never be talking about what I could do.

Sometimes I'll wish I were still doing it, though. You don't get the physical exhilaration from managing that you get from playing. You don't get the release. You do get the tension, a lot more of it. Sometimes after a loss you feel like you've gone 0 for 50. You carry the game with you all through the night and get up still thinking about it. I never did that as a player.

It's hard for a manager to let off steam. I'll try not to get too violent and tear up the clubhouse. I don't believe in damaging equipment. I don't want to have any more publicized shouting matches like the one with Gaylord. Gaylord and I had a talk the day I was named manager and he said he knew I was under pressure when I came up to him raising my voice. That was why he never came off his stool. He said he would have no problem playing for me. If he's traded it won't be because we can't do our jobs together.

Gaylord said, "Listen, it's good for me

when you come here with your salary. It means I can ask for more."

I think one of the reasons basketball had black coaches so much earlier than baseball had a black manager is that basketball players band together more and have more power. If it had been left up to the ballplayers they would have been ready for a black manager long ago. The reason it came so slow is that the front offices dominate baseball, and they are worried about what fans and investors, rather than players, have to say. I'm part of management now, but I still say that the best thing that ever happened to ballplayers was when Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale held out together.

There's nobody for a manager to band together with. And so much builds up inside him. He can kick the water cooler, chew gum, walk around in the dugout and yell. But he has to mind what he is doing. Sometimes a manager yells something in the dugout he doesn't really mean about a player who's done something wrong. He doesn't even think about saying it. But then the player's buddy has to pull the player off to one side and say, "Hey, you should've heard what the manager said about you." And the player says, "He didn't even have the guts to say it to my face."

The manager can let off some steam by yelling at the umpires. If he hasn't been run out of a game all year he hasn't been doing his job. Bobby Winkles didn't believe in getting on umpires. He didn't even want his players to. But it's part of the game. And if you think you're safe at second and you jump up and start arguing and you look around and your manager's not there, the fans and the umpire and the opposition lose respect for you. They think, "It couldn't have been very close, if his manager's not out there backing him up." If I think my player's right I'll be arguing along with him, and if anybody's going to be run out I'll make sure it's me. If I think he's wrong, I'll go out there and tell him, "O.K., come on." I won't leave him to argue alone.

The main way I'm going to let off steam is by talking out the things that bother me with the players. I'll tell them, and then I'll feel better. As a player I was criticized for being outspoken. I'm always going to be outspoken. I'm going to put being outspoken to use.

I'll also be hitting, for one more year. I think being both designated hitter and manager will work. When I was just a

DH, I got mentally stale. I'd sit there on the bench thinking so much about what I was going to do my next time up that by the time I did go to the plate I'd draw a blank. Now I'll have plenty to keep my mind occupied besides what I'm going to do against the pitcher. I don't think I'll get mentally stale next year. If I do have a couple of off moments, though, I won't be the first blank manager.

To tell the truth I don't want to think in terms of being the first anything anymore. I'm planning to put nine individuals on the field to win. If eight of them are black, I know I'll hear about it. I'm sure there have been quotas on clubs in the past—only so many black players on a team, only so many playing. I won't have any quotas. I do plan to do something about the fact, which is ridiculous, that there's never been a black third-base coach in the majors. He and the pitching coach are the only two who really do anything much on most teams.

I do know that black players and Latin players have often suffered from racial attitudes. When people see a black ballplayer dogging it they say he's lazy, like it's an inherent quality. When they see a white player doing the same thing they say he's not putting out what's in him. It may seem a subtle difference, but it affects people's careers.

Latin players—they're away from their country. They feel a little lost, a little withdrawn. What American people don't realize is that we expect them to adjust to us when they're over here, and also when we're over there. Where is their home? Where can they feel at ease? I've known managers to tell Latin players not to speak Spanish in the clubhouse. I'm glad for them to speak Spanish; then I don't have to worry about overhearing it. Though I have surprised a few Latin players by understanding more than they thought I could.

But I don't have any special ideas on how to handle black players or Latin players or white players. Jackie Robinson once said I wouldn't make a good manager because I didn't make enough waves. Well, he didn't start speaking out on civil rights until he got out of baseball. People have different ways of doing things.

I am black, and I don't ignore that fact. But I'm not going out there as a black manager, I'm going out there to manage. Judge me by how I do my job. If I don't do it, fire me.

END

# Not all the best students in Boston go to Harvard.

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1974

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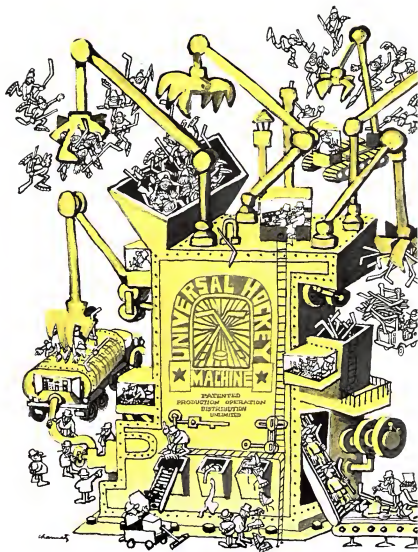
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# OFF THE LINE AND INTO THE CHIPS

*Expensive, and not always gifted, talent stretches exceeding thin as seasons of re-expansion and realignment begin in the two major leagues*

Like gas pumps and supermarket cash registers, hockey's great warm-body machine is running wild. Eight winters ago major league hockey meant the six teams and the 120 players of the National Hockey League. As the game embarks on a new season, "major league" means 32 teams and some 640 players competing in two leagues. The NHL has new teams in Washington and Kansas City, and the World Hockey Association has three new franchises: San Diego, Phoenix and Indianapolis. Obviously, the quality of the product is vastly diluted; at the same time the average NHL salary is close to \$70,000 and a WHA journeyman can earn \$40,000. So who gets shortchanged? The fan, of course. Ticket prices are up, up and away in most cities.

The NHL also introduces a few new rules. The most significant: no more matching penalties for the instigator of a fight and his unwilling victim. If the rule is applied strictly, the aggressor will be penalized more minutes than his opponent. The WHA, meanwhile, introduces further rich defectors from the NHL, notably Frank Mahovlich and Paul Henderson. Laughing at the WHA is now out of style. Despite the loss of their series to the Russians 4-1-3, the WHA All-Stars were by no means embarrassed, and the Russian excursion proved that Houston's 19-year-old Mark Howe,

son of the Old One, is the best young player in the game.

Both leagues have restructured their seasonal and play-off order. The WHA has wisely appealed to Canadian chauvinists by establishing a five-team Canadian division as part of its new three-division alignment. The top two finishers in each division will qualify for the playoffs, with two other spots wild-carded to the highest-scoring teams among the also-rans. Then best-of-seven series determine the ultimate champion. The NHL has gone from two to four divisions and has distributed the top teams in such a way as to make divisional title races entirely unlikely, except in the Lester Patrick group, which has both the Rangers and Flyers. It also has devised the most confusing playoff setup in sports history. The top three finishers in each division qualify for the playoffs: no wild cards, unfortunately. In Round One the divisional champions get byes while the remaining eight teams are seeded on the basis of total points earned during the season. No. 1 plays No. 8, No. 2 plays No. 7, etc. in best-of-three series. That produces four teams, seeded again, to play the four tollists in best-of-seven series. The seeding and playing continue until a cup champion emerges.

Turn the page for scouting reports on NHL teams, ranked not by division, where the races have little meaning, but relative strength, and to page 53 for the WHA.

CONTINUED



# NHL

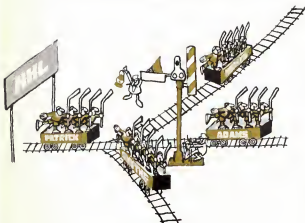
**1. BOSTON BRUINS.** Though the Bruins were embarrassed by Philadelphia in the Stanley Cup finals, over an 80-game season Bobby Orr, Phil Esposito and friends will be too powerful too often for the enemy. "Let's face it," says Director of Player Development Claude Ruel of the Canadiens, "the Bruins never lose at home, and they always get better than a split on the road. That is tough to beat." The new Boston coach, Don Cherry, seconds Ruel: "Everyone is thinking it, so I'll say it. We should win it all. If we don't, then I have done something wrong." Cherry basically is staying with the lineup that failed against Philadelphia: Orr, Esposito, Carol Vadnais, Al Sims, Ken Hodge (50 goals last season), Wayne Cashman, Don Marcotte, Johnny Bucyk, Andre Savard, Gilles Gilbert, Bobby Schmautz, Terrible Terry O'Reilly, Gregg Sheppard. Oh, yes. Walt McKechnie has signed on as Derek Sanderson's replacement. So why does Cherry expect to beat Philadelphia? "We are going to be hitting like the old Bruins hit," he says. "I didn't have a lot of talent when I coached down at Rochester, so I had my guys intimidate the opposition.

We were the most violent team in the minor leagues. The Bruins won't have to be all that violent, but I want them to play the body more than they did last year." If they don't? "My flaw is my temper," Cherry says. "I try not to look ridiculous on the bench, but I've been known to throw a few tantrums in the dressing room. I've even grabbed a few guys."

**2. PHILADELPHIA FLYERS.** Before the final drop of champagne had spilled from the Stanley Cup last spring, Coach Fred Shero was jetting to Russia for a three-week hockey symposium. One aspect of the Soviet training program particularly fascinated him. "Forty days before a big event," he says, "the Russians require their athletes to give a pint of blood, which they then regain naturally. It's a program designed to build strength, and I'm looking into it with our doctors." Listen, Fred, the Flyers shed enough blood as it is—their own as well as the opposition's. The Broad Street Bullies, who terrorized the NHL and won the cup last year, are back in fine fighting condition, but Shero plans some minor changes. Goaltender Bernie Parent, the cup MVP who started a record 73 games, posted a 1.89 goals-against average and caught 12 shutouts, will work only 50 to 55 games this season. "It will seem like a holiday," Parent says with a laugh. Says

Shero, "We are a better club, and we won't have to depend so much on one man." Parent will get more rest because St. Louis was kind enough to give the Flyers Goaltender Wayne Stephenson. "I can't believe that we were able to get a guy like him for just about nothing," Shero says. Defenseman Barry Ashbee, who stopped a puck with his eye during the playoffs, has retired, but the other enforcers—Ed Van Impe, Moose Dupont, Tom Bladen and the Watson brothers, Jim and Joe—are healthy and menacing. The indomitable Bobby Clarke, hockey's hardest worker, got his off-season wish when the Flyers obtained Reggie Leach from the California Seals. Leach, once Clarke's right wing buck home in Flin Flon, scored 22 goals for the Seals. Clarke predicts Leach will get at least 40 for the Flyers while playing on a line with—who else—Clarke (35 goals last year) and Bill Barber (34). Rick MacLeish and Ross Lonsberry, who scored 32 goals apiece, work the second line with Gary Dornhoefer, while the third line is the Philadelphia Boxing Club: Dave Schultz, Bob Kelly, Don Saleski. And, of course, for added clout the Flyers have Kate Smith, whose record is 37-3-1.

**3. CHICAGO BLACK HAWKS.** Under the cover of darkness, without even one boast about the high quality of their personnel, the Black Hawks have almost finished a remarkable rebuilding job. Despite poor positions in the draft, two years ago Chicago plucked Phil Russell, the best young defenseman in the game, and last year Winger Darcy Rota, who went on to score 21 goals. This season's draft find is Grant Mulvey, just turned 18, a 6'3", 200-pound right wing from Calgary. "I never dreamed the day would come when an 18-year-old kid would be good enough to step right in and play for one of my clubs," says Bill Reay, the game's best coach. Mulvey is in excellent company on a line with Center Pit Martin (30 goals) and Left Wing Dennis Hull (29). Reay's long search for a "big" center to complement the diminutive Martin and the slick Stan Mikita (80 points) has ended with the acquisition of a 6'1", 190-pound musclemen, Ivan Boldirev, who scored 25 goals for the Golden Seals. Reay wants some of his defensemen to be more physical, too. "Billy's right," says Keith Magnuson. "We were all too nice last year." Too



nice, perhaps, but dependable nonetheless. Dick Redmond, another import from California, played better than the Hawks dreamed he could, while Bill White, perhaps the best pure defenseman in the NHL, and Russell made few mistakes in front of Goaltender Tony Esposito as the Hawks let the Flyers for the Vezina Trophy by permitting only 164 goals. "We had 23 ties last year," Reay says. "This year we'll win a lot of those ties."

**4. NEW YORK RANGERS.** The conservative old Rangers have gone Broadway. Bossman Emile Francis has suddenly discovered turtleskins, long hair, mustaches, platform shoes, wide lapels and flared cuffs, and now, at last, the Rangers may look like a hockey team on and off the ice. Ordered by the new Madison Square Garden management crowd to put some zip into the team and silence its suffering fans, Francis traded for Derek Sanderson, the mod man who infuriated New Yorkers when he played for the Bruins, and problem-child Wing Greg Polis, and he promoted a batch of hopefuls, including Right Wing Rick Middleton and Left Wing Bert Wilson, from farm clubs. The Rangers have a new captain, Brad Park, replacing the traded Vic Hadfield, who was the first old reliable to get the Garden ax. For Sanderson it is his ninth last chance in hockey; some Ranger nuts have set up a \$1 pool on the date Francis first suspends Derek for missing practice. "This is it for me," Derek admits. "If I don't play hockey for the Cut, I won't be able to play anywhere else." If Sanderson recaptures his old ability he may replace Jean Ratelle on a line with Wings Polis and Rod Gilbert. Middleton, a prolific scorer, replaces Bill Fairbairn at right wing on a line with Walter Tkaczuk and Steve Vickers. Park seems more aggressive now on defense, but the Rangers still lack the one truly punishing cop who could make life really enjoyable for Goaltender Eddie Giacomin.

**5. MONTREAL CANADIENS.** Ten pounds lighter and wearing a self-designed *ougar, blanc et bleu* mask, a former \$127-per-week junior law clerk named Ken Dryden returns to the Canadiens' goal for the senior sum of \$4,000 a week. During his one-year retirement Dryden played goal only twice and the shooters he faced were not Phil Esposito and Richard Mar-

tin but Toronto businessmen at a university rink. "It is going to take time to get my bearings back," Dryden says. He is only one Montreal question mark. Leading scorer Frank Mahovlich departed for the WHA's dollars, leaving a large gap at left wing that Coach Scotty Bowman hopes Steve Shutt, a playoff star last spring, can close. Lines? They are a joke in Montreal because Bowman shuffles as many as 20 combinations during each game. Peter Mahovlich (36 goals) and venerable Captain Henri Richard are at center, although Bowman occasionally shifts them to the wing. Helmeted rookie Doug Risebrough is strictly a center, but Guy Lafleur, who has defied his helmet, is a center today and probably a wing tomorrow. Jacques Lemaire (29 goals) is in Bowman's doghouse. The only predictable Canadian forward is Yvan Cournoyer. As always, mark The Roadrunner down for at least 40 goals. Without Dryden available to erase their

price for these seats from \$7.70 to \$12 a game. For a substantial rental fee Ballard also agreed to let the Toronto Lawn Mowers, as he calls the WHA's Toros, play in the Gardens (former Leaf stars Frank Mahovlich and Paul Henderson are in the lineup, too). Coach Red Kelly also is prospering; he expects to have his best club ever. Why? "I sense a better attitude," Kelly says. "Last year we had no spirit, but now it's the way I want it." Doug Favell and Dunc Wilson are respectable goaltenders. Borge Salminger, the slick Swede who was the Most Valuable Leaf last year, Bob Neely and Jan Turbull all survived pressurized rookie seasons without any loss in confidence or ability, and now they help form the league's best young defense. Center Darryl Sittler (38 goals) has learned to retaliate against the terror tactics often used against him. Mark him down as a young man with star potential. Sittler works with Ron Ellis (23 goals) and Swede Inge Hammarstrom (20), while ageless Dave Keon centers for former Flyer Bill Flett—the bearded one—and either rookie Lyle Moffat or former Penguin Blaine Slaughter. All things considered, the Leafs may be worth the price of admission.

**7. LOS ANGELES KINGS.** It was hardly a coincidence that the Kings had their best record ever last season while their often middleclass owner, Jack Kent Cooke, was living 3,000 miles away in New York. He had to let competent hockey men like General Manager Jake Milford and Coach Bob Pulford make most of the major decisions. Well, Cooke has moved back to L.A., but Milford and Pulford have created such a solid club that even a man with Cooke's penchant for juggling may leave well enough alone. "We have developed a workable defensive format," says Pulford. "Now we want to improve our attack without diluting the defense." Goaltender Rogatien Vachon played 65 games so well (earning a 2.80 goals-against average) that Philadelphia's Shero thought he deserved the MVP award. The defensemen, particularly Terry Harper, Bob Murdoch and Sheldon Kannegasser, are unspectacular, although rookie Dave Hutchinson promises to "chase guys like Dave Schultz out of the rink." Milford traded the Rangers for flashy Gene Carr, steady Mike Murphy and speedy Tom Williams

## THE NEW NHL LINEUP

### Clarence Campbell Conference

**LESTER PATRICK DIVISION**  
Atlanta, New York Islanders,  
New York Rangers, Philadelphia

**GOIN SMITH DIVISION**  
Chicago, Kansas City, Minnesota,  
St. Louis, Vancouver

### Frank J. Selke Conference

**JAMES MORRIS DIVISION**  
Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal,  
Pittsburgh, Washington

**CHARLES F. ADAMS DIVISION**  
Boston, Buffalo, California, Toronto

mistakes, the Montreal defensemen crumbled last year, particularly in the Forum, where the Canadiens somehow conspired to lose 12 games after dropping a grand total of only 10 the previous year. Jacques Laperriere is still recovering from knee surgery, but his defense mates—Serge Savard, Guy Lapointe, Larry Robinson and a roughneck rookie, Rick Chartraw—have been ordered to play more aggressively. "Every-one pushed us around," Bowman says. "It's not going to happen now."

**6. TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS.** Casually confronting the dollar crunch, Owner Harold Ballard had the 2,200 red seats in Maple Leaf Gardens repolished in gold this summer, then raised the ticket

continued

last year, and they form the so-called New York line. Playing center, his natural position, and given his head, Carr could star. Butch Goring (28 goals), mild-mannered Juha Widing (27), Bob Berry (23) and Don Kozak (21) know where the net is, but it would help Pulford if they would describe its whereabouts to Dan Maloney. Maloney, the only muscleman up front, had only 15 goals last year. "He should score 30," Pulford says.

8. ATLANTA FLAMES. Boom-Boom Geoffron insists that his real aim in life is to "sit up in dem stands and be an expert like all da wint'ers." So let's give the Atlanta coach a seat. The following is by Da Boomer: "Goaltending, dat's de ball game in hockey. I got Dan Bouchard [2.77 goals-against with five shutouts] and Phil Myre, so I got no worries dere. You should have my goaltenders. Up front? Tommy Lysyak, he just scored 19 goals and 45 assists and played like my old friend Mr. Beliveau as a rookie. Maybe I will make a comeback and play with Mr. Lysyak. Jacques Richard [27 goals] does some things like my old friend Rocket, busting off da wing and scoring on a lot of breakaways. And I also have Larry Romanchuk [22 goals] and Bobby Leiter [26 goals], not to forget guys like Buster Harvey and Hilliard Graves, who just came in trades. I got forwards, my friend, believe me. Now da defense. For two years my guys let other guys park in front of da net. No more. Pat Quinn and Dwight Bulowas will see to dat. People ask me if Jean Lemieux, a big kid who did a great job on defense after we called him up last year, is really good. Let me ask you a question. Is Brad Park good? You get da message, eh? Give Da Boomer just one more big defenseman, a really big defenseman, and I'll see you later."

9. PITTSBURGH PENGUINS. If the Penguins can locate a quality goaltender, *Popeye the Sailor Man* may replace *God Bless America* atop the hit parade here. "Popeye" is fiery Coach Marc Boileau, and the Pittsburgh organist gives him the musical spinach after every Penguin victory. There were few Pittsburgh triumphs last season until Jack Button got the general manager's job in a January shake-up. Before he could hang his nameplate, Button changed coaches, moving Boileau

in from Fort Wayne, and drastically altered the club's image. Steve Durbano and Battleship Kelly were imported from St. Louis strictly to protect the productive Syl Apps-Jean Pronovost-Lowell MacDonald line, No. 2 in the NHL, from physical harassment. Whereupon the revived Penguins posted a strong 14-10-4 record for the rest of the schedule. Apps had 61 assists for the season, Pronovost 40 goals and MacDonald 43 goals. For additional firepower the Penguins acquired Wings Vic Hadfield and Rick Kehoe during the summer. They play on a line with Harvard man Bob McManis. On defense Durbano provides the necessary muscle, Ab DeMarco supplies puck-handling finesse, and sturdy Dave Burrows is one of the NHL's three best defensive defensemen. "I'm not worried about my goaltending," says Button. "No, he's scared to death," says another general manager. If goaltenders Bob Johnson and Gary Inness do perform at all respectably, Popeye is going to hear a lot of *Popeye*.

10. BUFFALO SABRES. The most congenial general manager around these days is the normally brusque and voluble Punch Imlach. No wonder. Punch's Sabres need a goaltender—pronto. Dave Dryden defected to the WHA and Roger Crozier retired for the umpteenth time because of his assorted stomach troubles, leaving new Coach Floyd Smith with only a couple of raw rookies, Gary Bromley and Rocky Farr. "We need a Crozier," says Imlach, meaning Roger and not ex-Coach Joe. Injuries to Center Gilbert Perreault and Policeman-Defenseman Jim Schoenfeld disrupted the Sabres early last season, and the death of Defenseman Tim Horton in an auto accident stopped the momentum of their drive for a playoff spot. Now Smith has ordered the shifty Perreault to forget some of his ultrafancy fakes and think more about putting the puck into the net himself. No such urging is needed for Perreault's dynamic linemate, Left Wing Richard Martin. He took 320 shots, scored 52 goals and terrorized 30 goaltenders with his blasts last season, and he shows no sign of cutting back. Don Luce (26 goals) and Craig Ramsay (20), two of the least-heralded players in the game, anchor the second line, kill penalties and drive the high scorers on other teams dizzy with their pesky forechecking. If Schoenfeld's

ailing back holds up, the defense will be adequate. If not, Bromley and Farr may decide to join Dryden and Crozier.

11. ST. LOUIS BLUES. Boss Sid Salomon III will say things like "patience can be a minor despair disguised as a virtue," and over the past four years the impetuous Salomon has employed seven coaches while making more trades than any other NHL owner. Two of Sid the Third's pre-season deals—Winger Greg Polis to the Rangers for non-Defenseman Larry Sacharuk, and the fine Goaltender Wayne Stephenson to the Flyers for future considerations and a kid who played in the WHA—defy understanding. However, Salomon now claims he will be extremely patient with his current coach, Lou Angotti, and with all the Blues unless, as he says, "the right thing comes up, and then we'll move soon." On the whole the Blues seem to be thinking more about 1975-76 than 1974-75. They may play as many as eight rookies regularly. Garry Unger (33 goals), who will have the combative newsmonger John Wensink for a bodyguard, Pierre Plante (26) and Wayne Merrick (20) carry the attack, while Captain Barclay Plager and Don Awrey keep experience and toughness on defense. Lanky John Davidson, spectacular as a rookie, is without doubt the best 21-year-old goaltender on the continent.

12. NEW YORK ISLANDERS. Wanted (desperately): One center who can handle the puck to work between two superkids who promise to do all the dirty work in the corners. The Islanders are just one Jean Ratelle away from being a solid team. Right Wing Billy Harris scored 28 and 23 goals in his first two NHL seasons, but he spent much of the time skating offside while awaiting errant passes from a collection of forgettable centers. His opposite wing, the rugged rookie Clark Gillies, is potentially a fine one. Their present center, old hand Eddie Westfall, is a former defenseman turned forward, and while he tries, Westfall admittedly is not a Ratelle. Bob Bourne, a tall rookie from Saskatoon, centers the second line for Bob Nystrom, beneficiary of lessons from a female figure skater, and pint-sized Garry Howatt, who had a record 29 five-minute fighting penalties last year while punching his way to the NHL's all-class championship. "We must improve our offense drastically,"

*continued*

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Now, there is no stopping them. These are Saturday's children on a winning streak. And at university clubs throughout the world, old Blues profoundly wish them well.

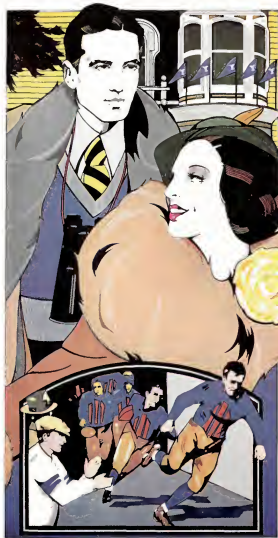
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## HOCKEY continued

says Coach Al Arbour, noting that Rookie-of-the-Year Defenseman Denis Potvin led the team—offensively the NHL's worst—in scoring last season. Even without a standout center the Islanders would make the playoffs if the NHL had a basketball-style, wild-card qualifying system like the WHA's.

**13. MINNESOTA NORTH STARS.** A model franchise only yesterday, the North Stars are fighting for survival. Big salaries, timid players and care-not attitudes ruined them last year. Now season-ticket sales are down and the WHA's Fighting Saints seem to be taking over the local sports pages. Jackie Gordon, whom the former general manager, Wren Blair, removed as coach last January, comes back as coach and general manager and promises drastic changes if the North Stars do not rediscover the work ethic. In the past, Gordon's threats were unheeded and the players went over his head to a sympathetic Blair. "Now there's a clear line of authority," Gordon says. Mafud of Minnesota's soft income, Gordon acquired muscular wingers Henry Boucha, John Fleisch and Don Martineau in trades and promoted heavyweight Defenseman Chris Ahrens from the minors. However, the attack still is basically one line—Dennis Hextall (62 assists) centering for Bill Goldsworthy (48 goals) and J.P. Parise. The defense could use comeback-of-the-year performances from Barry Gibbs and Tom Reid and Rookie-of-the-Year play by 19-year-old Doug Hicks. Oh, yes, Gump Worsley has retired—again—leaving Cesare Maniago practically alone in goal.

**14. VANCOUVER CANUCKS.** "For the first time ever," says Phil Maloney, "the coach and the general manager of the Canucks will be in agreement on how to run the hockey club." Maloney ought to know: he is the coach and general manager as Vancouver turns to one-man rule after four years of operational turbulence. If the Canucks occasionally remember to play defense they could take a playoff spot from Minnesota. "My main interest," Maloney says, "is to get some checking help for Gary Smith so he doesn't end up in a mental institution." Maloney may trade offense-minded Defenseman Jocelyn Gaevrment (15 goals) for some defensive defensemen; Montreal and Chicago both covet him.

Top scorers Andre Boudrias (59 assists), Dennis Ververgaert (26 goals) and Don Lever (23 goals) are packaged on one line, and when the opposition muscled them into the boards Maloney can counter with his new body-bonding unit of Center Gerry O'Flaherty and Defenseman-turned-Wingers Dave Dunn and Gregg Boddy. Still, the Canucks are not as strong as the Vancouver Blazers of the WHA.

**15. DETROIT RED WINGS.** Alex Delvecchio may not know the Ivy League from the Three-I League, but he knows that Cornellian Ned Harkness left him with a club that missed the playoffs four straight years. "We've got to build again," concedes Delvecchio, who has added the title of general manager to the coaching job he inherited early last season. By build, Delvecchio means trade. "Defensively, we're pretty weak," he says. True. The Red Wings have a surplus of forwards, including top draft pick Bill Lochead, who do their checking only at the bank. Jean Hamel, the best of the alleged defenders, is a no-hit, artful-dodger type. To get help Delvecchio must trade either Center Marcel (Little Beaver) Dionne, Right Wing Mickey Redmond (52 and 51 goals the last two years) or Left Wing Nick Libett. "We'll have to do something," says Delvecchio. If he does not, diminutive Goaltender Jimmy Rutherford could be sidelined with shell shock before Thanksgiving.

**16. KANSAS CITY SCOUTS.** In Boston, Pep Guidolin had a simple coaching philosophy: "Whenever the Bruins were in trouble, I sent No. 4 onto the ice." Now when Guidolin calls for No. 4, Bart Crashley, not Bobby Orr, will jump up. Defenseman Brent Hughes is so enthusiastic about the Scouts that he has signed with the WHA's San Diego Mariners for next season. Besides the usual problems of a new team, the Scouts face an added handicap: they must play their first eight games on the road while waiting for their new building to be completed. Former Flyer Simon Niolet and wealthy rookies Will Paement and Glen Burdon will score frequently, but the defense, including No. 4, is terribly weak. Guidolin promises an "Atlanta-style" skating club. "Put No. 4 on our team," he says, "and I'll guarantee that we make the playoffs." Orr, that is, not Crashley,

**17. CALIFORNIA GOLDEN SEALS.** Gone is Charles O. Finley, the owner. Gone is Charles O. the male. Gone are the white skates. Gone are the Kelly-green, California-gold and polar bear-white uniforms. Gone, too, are Ivan Boldirev, Walt McKechine, Reggie Leach and Gary Croteau, four of the top five scorers. Now the Seals are orphans, owned by the NHL, which bought out Finley and his mule but has yet to convince potential investors that the sad franchise is worth \$6 million. This year the Seals wear traditional black skate boots and uniforms of Pacific blue, canary yellow and milk white, but the colors cannot obscure their ineptness. In building a better defense after allowing the most goals in the league, the Seals foolishly traded almost their entire attack, retaining only top scorer Joey Johnston. While ex-Ranger Jim Neilson, 18-year-old rookie Rick Hampton, who drags down \$150,000 a year, and former Chicago farmhand Mike Christie provide beleaguered Goaltender Gilles Meloche improved protection, the Seals will rarely bother goaltenders at the opposite end. "We'll keep more pucks out," concludes Coach Marshall Johnston, "but so will the other clubs."

**18. WASHINGTON CAPITALS.** The program for an exhibition game in London, Ontario mistakenly labeled the Caps the "Washington Generals." A mere typographical error perhaps, but a catastrophic blunder to citizens in the District. The Generals are Red Klotz' barnstorming basketball team, which has lost a few million games to the Harlem Globetrotters, and even the Caps expect to have a slightly better record than that. "We are weak on defense and down through center," admits General Manager Milt Schmidt. So weak that Coach Jimmy Anderson may rotate his three goaltenders—Ron Low, Michel Belhumeur and John Adams—period by period to preserve their dignity. The Caps spent some \$2.5 million signing their first six amateur draft choices to long-term contracts, but No. 1 pick Greg Joly, a rushing defenseman, seems injury-prone, and No. 2 pick Mike Marson, a black left wing, checked in 20 pounds overweight. A variation on the old saying makes sense again: first in war, first in peace and last in the National League.

—MARK MULVOY

CONTINUED



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## West

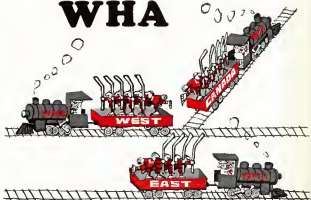
Everybody pretty much yawned when the San Diego Mariners called a press conference to announce the signing of Right Wing Doug Volmar, a hard-shooting but obscure refugee from the NHL. But interest quickly picked up when Volmar strolled in arm-in-arm with his fiancée, a 21-year-old model whose name turned out to be—so help us—Maureen Le Hocky. The troubled Mariners, who were the Jersey Knights last year, could certainly use the sort of lift the Houston Aeros received from Gordie Howe, and Miss Le Hocky's presence means that the club now has somebody whose name is just as synonymous with the sport.

Unfortunately, San Diego and most other WHA teams will have difficulty emulating defending champion Houston in more meaningful ways. Led by the 46-year-old Howe and his sons Mark and Marty, the Aeros have made Houston a rabid hockey town. This is one of the few WHA franchises with even a remote chance of turning a profit sometime soon. The Aeros are no cinch to win the Avco World Trophy again, but they definitely will not be hurt by the league's new three-division alignment. It provides for eight playoff spots—two from each division and wild-card berths for the two remaining teams with the best records—and there is no doubt whatever that Houston and Minnesota are the best in the West.

The season will almost surely be the last one for the elder Howe, who should break all records for standing ovations by January at the latest. Gordie, the league's MVP, is just one of Houston's eight returning 20-goal scorers. Another is 19-year-old Mark, a left wing whose searing shot and ability to play keepaway with the puck are about to make him the WHA's first hometown superstar. Marty, 20, is a defenseman who bears a sharp resemblance to the old man around the elbows. "I don't like to hurt anybody, just knock the wind out of them," Marty allows.

In the matter of age, Gordie Howe is not the only old Aero skate—the average age of the forwards is 32—and Goalie Don (Smokey) McLeod left for Vancouver when Houston reportedly fell \$30,000 shy of the \$100,000 a year he felt he deserved. There are questions about

## WHA



how Wayne Rutledge will fare as a replacement, as well as what the fans in Sam Houston Coliseum will now be humming; the organist's most popular song was *On Top of Old Smokey*.

MINNESOTA also lost a goalie, but only for the first five games. That was the length of the suspension, along with a \$1,500 fine, laid on the Fighting Saints' Mike Curran, who last spring lived up to the first half of the team's nickname by attacking a referee. Minnesota has the league's leading scorer in brexit a vey-specialist Mike Walton. But Walton lives up to his nickname—Shakey—when back-checking, and lapses by Minnesota defensemen are enough to keep Curran and John Garrett, the other goaltender, plenty busy. St. L, the goal-producing machine of Walto (57), Wings Wayne Connelly (42) and George Morrison (40) assures a winning season.

MICHIGAN should stay out of last place, but avoiding the poorhouse may be harder. Formerly the Los Angeles Sharks, the Stags have acquired ex-Islander goalie Gerry Desjardins, but they can be sure of luring fans to Detroit's Cobo Arena only when old Red Wing Howe comes to town—and won't those be emotional binges? The Stags have sold just 1,500 season tickets, 3,000 fewer than PHOENIX, an expansion team that joins the WHA after a successful run in the now-defunct Western Hockey League. A holdover

from Phoenix's minor league days is crowd-pleasing Right Wing Howie Young, a onetime NHL bad boy who is now 37 years old and plays with a pendant in his pierced ear.

SAN DIEGO is another town that admirably supported its minor league team and has now gone WHA. The city council, upset by allegations that Owner Joe Schwartz had Mafia connections, tried unsuccessfully to bar the Mariners. Center Andre Lacroix is the team's No. 1 scorer and Maureen Le Hocky its most optimistic fan. Asked when she expects to be wed, she replies, "Some time after the season, but the exact date depends on whether or not the Mariners make the playoffs."

She can safely plan on becoming Maureen Volmar before the first round gets under way.

## East

After taking the WHA championship in the league's inaugural season, New ENGLAND was eliminated from last year's playoffs, but the Whalers hope to bounce back stronger than ever. Address get-well cards to Hartford, Conn., where the Whalers are headed after losing \$2 million trying to buck the Bruins in Boston. They play their first 14 home games in West Springfield, Mass., after which the new Hartford Civic Center will be ready

*continued*

to accommodate them. The move to the Connecticut capital was partly underwritten by two local insurance giants, Aetna and Travelers, neither of which is known to invest money rashly.

It ought to impress these conservative hackers that the Whalers are as prudent about stopping goals as they are about scoring them. Al Smith is spectacular if erratic in the net and he receives quality protection from hard-hitting Defensemen Rick Ley, Ted Green, Brad Seewood and Jim Dorey. 1 or additional, well, insurance. New England has imported Tommy and Christer Abrahamsson, twin brothers who starred as defenseman and goalie respectively on the Swedish national team. Another recent arrival, ex-Toronto Toro Forward Wayne Carleton, adds his proved scoring ability (37 goals) to that of Tom Webster (43) and Tim Sheehy (29). "New England is a solid, all-around, well-run club," says Bud Poole, the WHA's hove of hockey operations. "They have no flamboyant stars, just an awful lot of depth."

Chicago was the WHA's surprise runner-up last season despite erratic goaltending, and the Cougars have taken corrective action by grabbing Dave Dryden away from the NHL's Buffalo Sabres. But not even Dryden's arrival is likely to deter Defenseman-Couch Pat Stapleton from continuing to make like a second goalie out in front of the Chicago net. The Cougars signed Gary McGregor, a 100-goal man as an amateur, but Stapleton says, "We don't have any big guns. We have to play a tight game, keep the score down and wait for the breaks." The Cougars also are looking forward to a new arena. But with groundbreaking near O'Hare Field stalled by litigation and tight money, they once again expect sparse crowds in the malodorous old International Amphitheatre.

Better off than Chicago in this respect, CLEVELAND will move into the Coliseum, a spiffy \$20 million, 18,000-seat edifice situated midway between that city and Akron. The Crusaders' hopes of making the playoffs depend largely on Goalie Gerry Cheevers, and that may be enough. By WHA standards, the goaltending in the East is strong. Along with Smith, Dryden and Cheevers, there is Andy Brown, who should help get INDIANAPOLIS, another new expansion club, off to a respectable start. A former Pittsburgh

Penguin, Brown is an adventurous fellow who stubbornly refuses to wear a mask and indulges an off-season hobby of driving sprint cars.

"You only consider something dangerous when you're unsure of yourself," Brown philosophizes. His ardent interest in motor sports makes the Racers the perfect team for him. It certainly would not endear him to those insurance men in Hartford.

## Canada

Frank Mahovlich has a three-year contract with Toronto but should require somewhat less time than that to score the 11 goals he needs to pass the legendary Maurice Richard and thus give the WHA the three leading scorers in hockey history, Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull being the others. It cost \$200,000 a year to persuade the 36-year-old Mahovlich to abandon the Canadiens, but the Toros have an expensive hankering to become the first Canadian-based team to win the WHA title.

Not content with landing Mahovlich, the Toros also raided the NHL for Winger Paul Henderson—not at a bargain-basement price, either. They signed a fine-looking rookie defenseman, Jim Farkewicz. And they spent a bundle on a couple of defectors from Czechoslovakia. One is Václav Nedomanský, a hulking center of whom Toro GM Buck Houle says, "He's going to be another Hull or Howe. I just know it." Concluding that the 5,000-seat Varsity Arena would no longer do, the Toros arranged to play in Maple Leaf Gardens, where a hoped-for season-ticket sale of 10,000 would help offset the high rental. Coach Billy Harris, who masterminded Team Canada in the Russian series, is a wily soul who deals effectively—and wickedly—with curfew breakers by fining them and sending the money to their wives.

Their spending binge indicates that the Toros are taking dead aim at their Maple Leaf landlords in the fight for Toronto spectator dollars, but the No. 1 interleague battleground remains Vancouver. There the NHL Canucks routinely attracted sellouts last season while the WHA Blazers were leading their league with a home-attendance average of 9,356, impressive numbers considering the Blazers' woeful 27-50-1 record. Their

porous defense may have been plugged by Goulterder McLeod from Houston and a flock of new defensemen, including former Maple Leaf Mike Pelyk and 19-year-old Pat Price, the league's best bet for Rookie of the Year. Price's price for a five-year contract was \$1.3 million and a Ferrari; the car's brief and tragic history was recounted in an urgent phone call to Blazer GM Coach Joe Crozier.

"I feel terrible," Price moaned. "I've just smashed up my Ferrari."

"Forget the Ferrari," answered Crozier. "How are you?"

Price was unhurt and the Blazers could sneak in ahead of WINSAP. But the Jets have made changes, too. To free Bobby Hull to concentrate on scoring goals they have turned some of his coaching duties over to Rudy Pilous, who used to be Bobby's coach on the Black Hawks and, before that, in his junior days in St. Catharines, Ont. Support for Hull on the ice comes from a smorgasbord of Swedish imports: Defenseman Lars-Erik Spöberg, Goalie Curt Larsson and Forwards Ulf Nilsson and Anders Hedberg.

Quebec still lacks depth and its goaltending remains so-so but none of this prevents the rabid Nordique partisans from raising the rafters every time J.C. Tremblay, that sickkicking wizard, goes into his Marques Haynes routine with the puck. Former General Manager-Couch Jacques Plante has left Quebec and is dusting himself off to tend goal in EDMONTON's new 15,500-seat arena, which replaces the antiquated but evocatively named Klondike Palace. The Oilers have reached into the NHL for Defensemen Barry Long and Ray McKay and Right Wing Bruce MacGregor, and it is conceivable that the 45-year-old Plante will actually get a few chances to take a lap around the rink and blow kisses to the crowd, his longtime practice on nights when he has a shut-out in the nets.

Still, few expect Plante to perform well enough to justify the boast of Edmonton General Manager Bill Hunter that the club now has "the best defense in pro hockey." Plante is 10 months Gordie Howe's junior and a friend confides, "Jacques came out of retirement because of that big ego of his. He figures, 'If Gordie can do it, so can I.'" Howe's influence on the struggling WHA is felt in many ways.

— JERRY KISHENBAUM

CONTINUED

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## THE EAGLE AND HIS FAT FLOCK

*Sinking the fastest beak in the North into the NHL's pelt, player czar Alan Eagleson has elevated his clients from semiserfdom to an enviable affluence*

by COLES PHINIZY

Because of the violent acts they have committed here on ice, on Judgment Day many professional hockey players may have trouble getting into heaven. If such comes to pass, it is inevitable that a Toronto lawyer named Robert Alan Eagleson will step forward out of the assembled multitudes and say a few hundred thousand words on the players' behalf. At the end of his harangue, if the Lord does not give all the hockey men no-cut contracts replete with fringe benefits, the chances are Eagleson and his clients will turn their backs on heaven and see what kind of deal they can make with the other league.

Both the Lord and the Devil are hereby warned. Beware of Eagleson when he comes bargaining. Superficially he looks like a pushover. Bespectacled and modestly dressed, Eagleson has the immaculate, almost antiseptic air of a bright, polite attorney who is adept at codiciling wills and managing family trusts. The illusion disappears whenever he opens his

mouth, which is frequently. In the heat of a debate he spatters out hard facts like slugs from an old Colt .45, sometimes taking dead aim on the issue, sometimes blazing away from the hip at random targets and nicking himself in the process. During discussions in which legal gibberish abounds, he prevails with plain talk, punching home his strong points with the first cuss word that comes to mind.

For the past seven years Eagleson has been the executive director of the Players' Association of the National Hockey League. At present he also serves as legal and financial adviser—and when required, as father confessor, hand holder and foster parent—for about a third of the active players in the association. His involvement in the brawling business of hockey is a consequence of a lifelong zest for any competition in which brains count and alley scrapping is not totally prohibited. He has won and lost in politics and loved it all. When he got out of the University of Toronto law school 17

years ago he devoted himself largely to cases of common and indecent assault and at the same time played lacrosse, another tough Canadian game. In 1958 in the town of Oakville, Ontario, he took on an assault case while sporting a bulging black eye and two facial gashes from lacrosse. When he informed the court that he represented the accused, the judge opined, "You look more like the victim."

Such is the blind love of Canadians for the heroes of hockey that in any clash between players and club owners, the latter usually are the villains. That is how the people see it, so that is how it forever will be. And that is why, as the players' mouthpiece, Eagleson rides an endless wave of popularity. In the big cities and towns across the land he is known as the man who stormed hockey's feudal gates armed only with legal wit and a gift for repartee, and liberated the playing serfs from the greed and oppression of the sport's barons. In 1967, when the Players' Association was formed around Eagle-



son, the average NHL player's salary was \$15,500. Today, thanks to the constant pressure of Eagleson and the competitive bidding of the 2-year-old World Hockey Association, the average is about \$60,000. The best-paid clients now managed by Eagleson are virtually walking conglomerates, fiscally diverse and tax-sheltered, and so well propertied and funded in annuities that without a program it is hard to tell a playing serif from an owner baron. Last summer, with Eagleson drumming for him and the World Hockey Association also bidding, Wolf Pavement, a 50-goal amateur wingman of the St. Catharines (Ontario) Black Hawks, got a three-year contract for more than half a million dollars from the Kansas City Scouts, an NHL expansion team that had not yet put a blade on ice.

For all his days Eagleson, the liberator of the serif, will be equally remembered as one of the heroes who in the blazing September of 1972 won back for Canada pre-eminence in the game it gave the world. That September, for the first time, a team of Canada's professional elite met a team of Russian nationals who for nearly a decade had dominated so-called amateur hockey in world competition. As almost any Canadian lad can relate, with one tie and three wins apiece the Canada-Russia series of 1972 went down to the last game, a raging squeaker won by Canada. The real victory was carved out on ice by two E-postos, two Mahovitches, a Park, a Clarke, a Cournoyer and a last-minute miracle maker named Henderson, but it was Eagleson who had first embraced the Russian bear three years earlier and made all the sweet carnage possible.

During two years of negotiation and through the eight-game series itself, in the face of the vagaries and intransigence of Russian officials, Eagleson's role deteriorated from matchmaker to peace-maker to troubleshooter to troublemaker. When wingman Jean-Paul Parisé raised a stick at an official and was thumbed out of the final game in Moscow, it was Eagleson who leaped over two rows of spectators and scurried to the far side of the rink to cool off Canadian coaches who were throwing furniture onto the ice. With seven minutes to go in the last period, when wingman Yvan Cournoyer punched in the tying score and the goal light did not flash, it was Eagleson who again jumped over the

spectators trying to get to the scorer's table. In his haste he collided with Russian police. They shoved him. He shoved them. They started hauling him toward an exit, and that brought all the Canadian players across the ice to the rescue. A few hardy stickmen went over the boards, wrested Eagleson from the Commie cops and escorted him back across the ice to the Canadian bench. As the Russian fans whistled contempt Eagleson raised a clenched fist. That epic brawl and retreat across the ice in Moscow was seen via satellite by 16 million Canadians, breaking the record TV rating set by Astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin on the moon. Today from Halifax to Vancouver, in Yellowknife and in Flin Flon, Canadian viewers vividly remember Eagleson's defiance.

Eagleson has spent so much time of late under the bright lights of hockey that most Canadians do not realize that he has always been a multipurpose man. Many who approach him in lobbies and air terminals to shake the famous hand that defied the Russians do not know that Eagleson is provincial boss of the Tories, the controlling political party in his native Ontario. In the past decade, as an unsuccessful federal candidate, as a back-bench member of the Ontario legislature

and as party leader, he has spoken out unimpeachably on a variety of national problems ranging from nuclear fission to irresponsible ice cream vending, but voters outside his home riding would be hard put to recall how he ever stood on what.

Before becoming director of the NHL Players' Association, Eagleson served as president of the Toronto Rifles, a football team that played U.S. rules in the old Continental League. The Rifles won back-to-back division titles but were such a box-office flop that they folded in their third season. In the mid-'50s when blonde Greta Patterson, a shapely water ballerina, was making news by finishing high up with the best males in swimming marathons, she frequently appeared in press photos with her coach. The shots of Greta in a taut swimsuit are unforgettable, but only the most trivia-minded buff could now recall the name of her coach, Robert Alan Eagleson.

Although millions of U.S. and Canadian TV viewers saw the 1959 Orange Bowl game between Oklahoma and Syracuse, probably fewer than a hundred were aware that during the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner* before the kickoff, the man in street clothes standing a few feet from the vocalist was Alan Eagleson, acting manager of the University of To-

*continued*

Half a million dollars' worth of Eagleson-represented rookie: Kansas City's Wolf Pavement



## THE EAGLE —continued—

Ontario basketball team. At a major bowl game that attracted dignitaries galore, how did the acting manager of a college basketball team rate such a place of honor? It happened this way. The basketballers were on an eight-game tour of the U.S. Southland and laying over New Year's Day in Miami. Because he has a constant itch to be present at large sporting affairs, Eagleson went to the Orange Bowl hoping to scrounge a ticket. That proved impossible. Realizing that the gates must open at some time to admit the marching bands, he infiltrated one and began chatting with the trumpet players. As they marched through the gates, he stepped along also, still talking. When he was just inside, a voice cried out, "Hey, who in hell is that guy?" After a short chase through the stands, Eagleson lost his pursuers long enough to slip onto the field, where he introduced himself to Cliff Ogden, referee of the game, as a Canadian football colleague who wanted a close look at top-notch U.S. officiating. Considering that Eagleson had never refereed anything except box lacrosse, it was a rubbery bit of truth, but sufficient. While the anthem was being sung, he stood right out there on the field with the game officials. Referee Ogden then introduced him to Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, who welcomed him onto the Syracuse bench for the game. By the time Prentice Gaut and the other Oklahomans started taking Syracuse apart, Eagleson and Schwartzwalder were on a first-name basis.

At the age of five, before most tots are into primers, Eagleson was precociously reading newspapers. A lurid account of the trial of a woman charged with dismembering her own child attracted him to law before he was out of first grade. He started school a year early and covered two years in one, so that he graduated from high school two years ahead of the pace. Largely because he was a sucker for whatever sports were in season, he let his academics slide as an undergraduate at the University of Toronto, usually pulling a B grade or better without effort. In law school, where it is best to curtail the jock side of life and steep oneself in torts, he kept on frittering away hours at basketball, track, swimming, cross-country, hockey, volleyball, lacrosse and water polo, and still managed to finish 18th out of 280 applicants for admission to the bar.

In some sports he was third-string, second-rate and never great. In a few, notably lacrosse, swimming and baseball, he exceeded mediocrity. Today Eagleson raucously claims he is rough on the NHL bosses because as a lad he was once cut from a third-class juvenile team. Actually, in a strange, storybook way, it was his competence in softball that drew him into big-time hockey, much as an open saloon door sucks in passing drunks.

While still a college undergraduate Eagleson worked two summers as recreation director in MacTier, a railroad town 140 miles north of Toronto. For diversion he played on MacTier's softball team. In 1964 when he returned to MacTier as a member of the provincial legislature to speak at a sports banquet, he was greeted by Douglas Orr, an explosives plant employee who had played softball against him a decade earlier. Douglas Orr told his old rival that his 16-year-old son Bobby was a red-hot hockey defenseman on the Oshawa junior team. Would Eagleson be willing to look after young Bobby's interests when the pros came bearing gifts? Without thinking too much about it, Eagleson agreed.

At the banquet Eagleson was accompanied by a real live sports hero, Carl Brewer, a defenseman for the Toronto Maple Leafs. After eight years, during which he helped Toronto into seven Stanley Cup playoffs, Brewer had become disenchanted with the poor pay. He passed up the 1965-66 season in favor of completing work toward his college degree. In the summer of 1966 he informed the Maple Leafs that he was retiring permanently and applied to the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association for reinstatement as an amateur so he could play for the Canadian National Team.

In so doing Brewer snagged himself on one of the most objectionable of the various strangling rules that were mutually enforced by the NHL and the CAHA at that time. Absurd though it seems, under its agreement with the NHL eight years ago the CAHA could not accept a player back into its own amateur ranks without the consent of the pro club that had rights to him, and then only if all the other NHL clubs and all the affiliated clubs in three minor leagues did not want him. The Leafs refused to let Brewer go, so he turned to Eagleson.

A Pandora's box had been opened. In

no time at all Eagleson was in the middle of a fight that lasted three months. It is remarkable that the battle for Brewer went more than a week, considering how many people of importance and emotion were aligned against President Clarence Campbell and the NHL's board of governors. The National Team had been set up in the '60s in the hope that it would restore Canada to the top in its own game. The upcoming season, 1966-67, was the 50th for the NHL, but 1967 was also the 100th anniversary of Canadian federation, and the red maple-leaf flag was waving everywhere. Prime Minister Lester Pearson told his people, "It is deplorable when a Canadian who wants to play for Canada's national team has to get permission from professional clubs in the United States."

Today Eagleson says, "To be against Brewer with the 100th anniversary of Canada coming up was to be against hockey, motherhood, God, country and flag. Brewer was zinging the press, and the press was zinging the NHL. Needless to say, I was feeding all the fuel to the fire I could get." Eagleson took the regulations of the NHL to counselors more expert than he on U.S. and Canadian antitrust acts. In their opinion the NHL contract signed by Brewer was so restraining that if challenged in court, the whole NHL shebang might come down like a house of cards.

When it comes to throwing up smoke screens in a delaying action, the seers and overseers of the NHL are verbose masters. For more than two months after the sides were clearly drawn, the skirmishing dragged on, even deeper into wordiness. At one point Brewer's owners, the Maple Leafs, confessed they had lost his application for voluntary retirement. This prompted a cynical columnist to observe, "Eagleson and Brewer should have written the application on a \$10 bill. The Maple Leafs have never lost one of them yet." In November 1966, having exhausted its verbiage, and rather than go to court, the NHL amended its by-laws in such a way as to make Brewer's reinstatement as an amateur possible.

The Players' Association has won so much more since then that it is hard to believe the NHL, as recently as 1966, would have attempted such a primordial stance in the Brewer affair. Indeed, to understand the NHL at all as it was constituted a mere eight years ago is like try-

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**Genuine Vodka**



## THE EAGLE continued

competed with the Boy Scouts for able 12-year-olds. Under the NHL agreement in effect in 1966 each major and minor pro hockey club could finance two amateur junior clubs and their affiliated lesser teams. The players for such amateur clubs became the property of the sponsoring pros. Bobby Orr is a case in point. He first impressed NHL scouts as a 12-year-old in 1960 and two years later signed a card to play on a Junior A team sponsored by the Bruins.

In the same year that Brewer tried to get out of the pros, Orr, just turned 18, finished his fourth season of first-class amateur competition, having broken the Junior A scoring record for defenseman three years in a row. While Orr was cutting a swath through amateur hockey, his owners, the Boston Bruins, had been setting a couple of NHL records, eight straight years without making the playoffs and five straight in last place. Although Orr had two more years of Junior eligibility left, Boston wanted him, so desperately that it offered him almost one-sixth the pay highly touted rookies were getting in other sports. To put the matter in perspective, a year earlier Joe Namath of Alabama had signed a four-season contract with the Jets at \$100,000 a year. That September, Cezary Russell of Michigan got three years at about \$65,000 each from the New York Knickerbockers. The Bruins, who outdrew the champion Celtics in the Boston Garden, offered Orr, the hottest thing since Hull, a two-year contract that averaged \$10,250 a year including bonus.

When Eagleson, the novice bargainer, made a counterproposal that Orr get around \$30,000 a year—almost twice what any Bruin was paid—there was laughter. Dick Beddoes, a Toronto columnist with a dash of acid in his ink, observed, "If Alan Eagleson gets Bobby Orr a long-term contract at more than \$30,000 per, he will live in history along with Luther, Voltaire and Pandora."

At the outset Leighton (Hap) Emm, the Bruins general manager, refused to negotiate with Eagleson. In the NHL it was customary to deal with the pawns direct. The idea of an 18-year-old boy being represented by a lawyer in his negotiations with a multimillion-dollar business was unthinkable.

By midsummer it became clear that the way to Orr was through Eagleson. Otherwise Orr would stay amateur, joining

a continuation of





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## THE EAGLE

the Canadian National Team in Winnipeg, where he could concurrently attend the University of Manitoba. After more than a month of avoiding Eagleson and several weeks of dickering, Emms finally offered Orr a two-year contract that amounted to about \$40,000 annually. Eagleson remembers the signing. "I said, 'Well, we've settled the damn thing. Let's shake hands, take pictures and open the champagne,' and Hap Emms says, 'Champagne?' There was no champagne, no press conference, nothing. Hap opened a can of soda pop and poured some into five glasses so we could each have a drink. Here was Bobby Orr, a little Moves coming to lead the Bruins to the promised land, and they were too tight to spend \$50 on him."

After helping Brewer get out of the pros and helping Orr get in at a record price, Eagleson's involvement in the game might have ended, except that such battles do make headlines. Shortly after Brewer regained his amateur standing in December 1966, Eagleson got a call from one of Brewer's former amateur teammates, Defenseman Bill White, then of the Springfield (Mass.) Indians of the American Hockey League. The Indians were having a lot of very strange problems with their owner, Eddie Shore, the once great Bruin defenseman, and they needed a lawyer like Eagleson who had proved willing to storm the gates.

What the Indians had been taking from Shore exceeded the parameters of ordinary injustice. As a taskmaster Shore was way out in left field. He not only served as *de facto* coach of the Indians (for which he was qualified), but as self-styled physician, dancing master, choreographer and X-ray technician. Although he had no credentials in such specialties, he practiced them all on his players. He had his men drink water with a lot of iodine in it to kill germs. He allegedly disliked crew cuts because short hair exposed the brain cells to too much air. He maintained he could diagnose the players' ills by staring into them.

In an affidavit written out at Eagleson's request, Goalie Jacques Caron reported, "Cracking your back is standard procedure for Mr. Shore whether you are suffering from mononucleosis or a cold. If you do not agree to having him crack your back, you are subject to either sitting on the bench or being fined. When I first arrived in Springfield, I took a size

continued

# PARKER 75



**The low-profile Parker 75 Ball Pen stands out without sticking out.**

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**Kodak pocket Instamatic®60 camera.**


Please see subject to change without notice.

## THE EAGLE

13 skate. This was interfering with my leg exercises and tap dancing according to Mr. Shore because they were too large. I was given a pair of skates size 11, and thus lost all my toenails when stopping a shot with my skates. After four years he has relented, and I am now wearing a size 11½, which is still one size too small." In his affidavit another goalie, George Wood, maintained, "Had knees tied together with laces. Have had to practice with a bar around the net. This bar forces me to stay outside of the crease." Obviously, the whole affair was too extreme to go on long. Within six weeks Shore had resigned from any active part in the operation "for reasons of health."

The Shore ruckus naturally made news. In late December, before it was fully settled, Eagleson was invited to a meeting of the Bruins, who wanted him to organize a players' association. He has been in the middle of hockey ever since, taking bows and an occasional hard right to the head, and loving it all.

Way back in 1949, when Danny Gardella, the defector to the Mexican League, shook up baseball with an anti-trust suit, Columnist Ralph Allen of the *Toronto Telegram* wrote prophetically, "Unless the professional bosses clean house themselves, it is a mortal cinch that somebody, sometime, somewhere will step in and clean house for them." All that Eagleson did in 1966 was stumble into a dirty old house and start giving it a dusting long overdue. As Syl Apps, an old Maple Leaf of the low-pay days, puts it, "The only trouble with Eagleson is he came along 20 years too late." Bobby Hull, who pioneered for hockey in a court case two years ago and won the right to work for the rival WHA, confirms, "Al has done more for hockey in two years than anybody else has in 20."

Recently, when Eagleson was under attack on a television talk show, a student suggested that he should be embarrassed for glorifying a sport to the point where players like Hull and Orr make more than Canadian Prime Minister Trudeau. The smarty-pants student made the common mistake of forgetting that Eagleson is not a hockey monomaniac, but a multimaniac—always the players' man, but also a Tory boss who loves to shaft the Liberal prime minister. "In my opinion," Eagleson shot back, "Bobby Hull and Bobby Orr are still underpaid, and Mr. Trudeau is overpaid."

END



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# Money

the magazine of personal finance from **TIME INC.**



## STOP THE GAME, I WANT TO GO ON

When network executives watch televised sports they do not care so much about who won or lost as how well—and how often—Andy Sohngen, or a man like him, stops the game. And Andy, a staff member at WIBC-TV in Pittsburgh who moonlights as an on-field stage manager for NBC, CBS and various independent networks and stations, has stopped some dandies. In 1971 he put the brakes on the first prime-time World Series game as well as the legendary Feast of the Immaculate Reception in which Franco Harris' catch of a deflected pass gave the Steelers the American Football Conference championship over Oakland. This July Sohngen was responsible for the extended delays between innings of the All-Star baseball game at Three Rivers Stadium, and two weeks ago he played the same role at the National League playoffs in Pittsburgh.

Sohngen and his counterparts often are called game stoppers because it is a vital part of their jobs to insure that time is made available for putting commercials on the air. "There ain't any doubt there is a lot of money riding on me," Sohngen says.

The nature of a particular sport and the price that sponsors pay to televise it determine just how much pressure falls on Sohngen. The cost of a commercial minute during a normal Sunday NFL game on CBS averages \$70,000, while similar time on ABC's Monday Night NFL games commands \$100,000. An NBC Stanley Cup minute can be bought for a piddling \$20,000. Sixty seconds on normal Saturday baseball goes for \$19,000, but the price escalates to about \$31,000 for weekend playoff games. The All-Star Game sells at \$94,000 per minute, weekend World Series games, \$80,000, and those Series contests played on weeknights, \$130,000.

The men wearing red caps who used to deliver TV time-outs have gone the way of the original Mouseketeers, partially because the guys who wore the hats back in the days when Mr. Ed was a yodeler were pretty bad at ducking the debris pitched at them by fans irate over the delays television was causing. Broadcasting people now claim that they "never stop games," but anyone who accepts that probably would believe that Satchel

P Paige soon will turn 28. Sohngen's tasks are the same as those of any stage manager before broadcasts. He gets bands to rehearse, lines up players to appear on interviews and makes sure the phony coin toss works. When only a handful of American League All-Stars showed up the day before this year's game for batting practice, he used Little Leaguers as stand-ins for them so that NBC could get a dry run on player introductions, an important part of keying the entire production.

Once games start, Sohngen's job is to work in all those commercials. During baseball games he sits in a semi-dugout next to the visiting team's bench. When it is time for a commercial he stands up to remind the third-base ump to hold off the action until the advertisement is over. Baseball commercials are normally fairly easy to fit in when teams change sides each half inning. At the end of the fourth, fifth, seventh and eighth innings 90 seconds are needed instead of the usual 60, to put on station breaks and added advertising. At Sohngen's signal the third-base umpire reminds his partner behind the plate to go through a ceremonial stall. The ump at home walks slowly out and meticulously dusts off the plate, tells the batter to go back and rub some pine tar on his bat and has the catcher adjust the straps on various pieces of his equipment. During the All-Star Game 90-second breaks occurred after every inning, and Andy did quite a bit of standing.

The National Football League allows three one-minute TV time-outs to be taken in the first and third periods and four during the second and fourth, the extra ones occurring at the two-minute warnings. The stage manager must obtain approval for these time-outs from game officials, and Sohngen uses an elaborate set of hand signals from the 30-yard line. "You cannot



SOHNGEN SIGNALS NFL REFS TO GIVE HIM A BREAK

get a television time-out until each team has had the ball once," he says. "And when you get a team like the Cleveland Browns, which uses a ground game most of the time, you have a heck of a time getting the commercials in. Sometimes you don't."

Genuine time-outs, touchdowns, injuries and field goals often make TV time-outs unnecessary. Last season the average NFL game included only two of the strictly commercial variety.

"Because there are so many breaks in the action basketball never presents a problem," Sohngen says. "But hockey used to be trouble. I can remember doing one game in the early days and a guy in the seats upstairs, God bless him, kept throwing eggs down onto the ice. Every time he threw an egg, we took a commercial. Now we have the officials wired, and buzz them. In tennis you tap the guy sitting up in the chair [jumper] on his rear, and he slows things down the next time he gets a chance."

"The funniest of all, though, was wrestling. For years we had one-hour shows shot at studios, and when it got close to commercial times I'd stand, put both hands on my belt and pull it up and down. That meant a pin, and it worked every time." TV obviously had a stranglehold on wrestling, and while it may not control other sports as much, it has them in at least a half Nelson. **END**

## Head coach, prewar model

Adolf Hitler, Amelia Earhart and Joe Louis were making news when Alex Yunevich took over at Alfred University in 1937. He is still there

Alfred's first-string fullback. Alfred's 5'7", 175-pound first-string fullback—approached the visitor. "Have you been to some of the big schools?" the fullback asked.

"Sure," he was told.

"I was just wondering, are they much different from us?"

Not at all, the visitor thought, as he watched the team's field-goal specialist loft another kick toward the practice field's nonexistent goalposts. Take away the scholarships, the tackling dummies, the jock shops, the assistant coaches, the huge stadiums, the playbooks, the four-team depth at every position, the pressure to win—and the big schools are not at all different from this tiny university

in New York's picturesque but poor Allegany County.

This is football as it is played in Division III of the NCAA. Where Hobart is the biggest rival. Where 5,000 fans is a full house. Where the only player to make it in the pros lasted three years with the Chicago Cardinals and later operated Goble's Mobil in Waverly, N.Y. But most of all, this is football as dimple-cheeked, bulldog-faced Alex Yunevich would have it. And Alex has had it this way since 1937. When he went off to war for four years, Alfred just stopped playing.

Alex Yunevich of Bicknell, Ind., is the son of a Lithuanian coal miner whose real name, Janivichs, was lost forever through a clerical error in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. Of Alex, All-Big Ten fullback on Purdue's unbeaten conference champions of 1929, whose 90-yard run against Centenary in 1931 is still the longest in Boilermaker history.

No active coach matches Yunevich's record of continuous service at one school. Only three have won more games. In three years at what is now Central Michigan and 33 at Alfred, 64-year-old Alex Yunevich has won 65% of his games and endured only six losing seasons.

And this is how it all came to pass. "I was All-State two years in high school. Those 145-pound kids tried to tackle me and I just laughed. I played baseball, too. I had a 10-day trial with the Cincinnati Reds in Keokuk, Iowa but I only lasted three days. I had knocked more balls into the White River than you could shake a stick at. I was the Babe Ruth of Knox County. But when they started throwing sliders in Keokuk it was all over.

"A lot of schools wanted me for football. Georgia guaranteed me a law degree. I should have taken it, because I ended up a jock. My parish priest said,

'Go to Notre Dame.' I tell you, those padres were the best recruiters in the world. But I was going to take the best offer and I got it, brother.

"The corn was sticking out of my ears when I got to Purdue. But those were good years. We won two Big Ten titles, and I met my wife Anne. She was the landlord's daughter. A gay broke my nose twice in one quarter against Wisconsin, but I nailed him later. Got him with a shoulder right in his hip.

"I stayed on at Purdue after graduation to help coach the 'B' team. That's when I decided I didn't want the pressure of the big time. We beat some team a couple of touchdowns when everybody else was beating them by four. And the people came and criticized me. I was the low man on the totem pole and they criticized me, the backfield coach. I said right then this isn't going to be my way of life. I told Anne I didn't want the rat race.

"I was an assistant coach at Lehigh the next year and then I got my first head coaching job at Central State Teachers College. I didn't like it there. It was a bad situation. So when I was recommended for the job here at Alfred I took it. Alfred hadn't scored a point the year before, but I came anyway. We went unbeaten the first year.

"I came here with the idea I wouldn't stay long, but I grew to like it, the smallness, the naturalness. The big time was out, I knew that, and Alfred suited me fine.

"I'd been here five years when the war started. I went into the Navy and was stationed at a submarine base in Brazil. I was a lieutenant commander and I won a citation for the esprit de corps of my men. There wasn't much to do. About the most exciting thing that ever happened was when we got a rumor that Goebbels and Hitler might be passing by on their way to Argentina. I could just see them sitting in my jail, but there wasn't anything to it. After the war I went back to Alfred. Just like Cincinnati, I left the plow in the field and picked it up when the war was over.

"We continued to do pretty well. We played on Saturday night in those days and we beat everybody. We mesmerized 'em with a few hidden ball plays. Nobody wanted to come down to the pit on Saturday night.

"Then we had three bad years right in

continued



AT 64, THE ONE AND THE ONLY COACH



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**"Carol, who'd been looking like an airborne water nymph, lost her balance first. I took the plunge shortly after. But we both agreed that, with practice, no hydrofoil could foil us."**

**"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Kanoni Cafe in Corfu." Wherever you go,**

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*Canadian Club*  
Imported in bottle from Canada.

a row. Those three years almost destroyed me, Jack. It hurt. I went up to give blood and they wouldn't take it. That really worried me. So I decided *sera, sera*, what will be, will be. I began to relax, I realized there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it.

"If the milk is spilled, forget it, don't look back. Look ahead to the next week. But if you win, do your rejoicing at the end of the season. We do our crowing at the team banquet. Without this philosophy I wouldn't have lasted.

"We've had some big wins here. We beat Susquehanna in 1964 when we had no right to be on the field with them. They had beaten us the year before 68-0. We went into a game with St. Lawrence once, 40-point underdogs, and we won 45-7. We never lose. Finish second, may be, but we never lose.

"People only like you if you win, but that's not the way I feel. When your kids are busting their tails, what more can a coach ask? I don't want that moose who's made All-America, anyway. That's not my bag. I like the kid who doesn't know how good he is. When he makes it, I get a charge. You only rake a kid when you have a good one and he's loafing. Generally, I wind up with the kids who are a little short of talent. Good kids, though, don't get me wrong.

"I'm an individualist. I'm not in the mainstream. I'm a little bit of a hippie in a way, if you understand what I mean. I don't think a lot of the orthodox stuff is right. I don't approve of running the guts out of a team to get them in shape. Games are won with the head and heart. I don't believe in punishing kids on the field. The best punishment is not to play them. I don't believe in board drills or dummies or playbooks or any of those things. I believe you should learn it on the field. Give 'em the basics and keep it simple. I don't believe in slogans, and you won't see us going out on the field and yelling like a bunch of wild men. You skin a cat your own way.

"If I thought my kids would go for the rah-rah stuff, I might try it, but they're too smart. So I don't give them the old 'do-or-die for Rutgers.' I tell them, look, if you don't go out there and get 'em, they'll beat your butt. The generation gap occurs if the youngster doesn't know what you're talking about.

"This is homemade stuff here. I'm the only coach in America without a full-time assistant. When I retire it will be

the shock of their lives. The new guy will want some changes made. I think I may coach one more year, but that would be all. I like to fish, play golf, hunt mushrooms. I'm still quick. God gave me that. God should give my players the adrenaline I've got."

Alfred played St. Lawrence Saturday. It was Alex Yunevich's 276th game as head coach, and the team came in second 6-0.

## THE WEEK

by JOE MARSHALL

### WEST

UCLA came within one tick of the clock of an upset by Stanford, but managed a 13-13 tie on a 38-yard field goal by Brett White in the final second. The Bruins nearly blew it by failing to call timeout with about 12 seconds left. "We were in last offense," said UCLA Quarterback John Scarra later, "and I'd called two plays in the huddle, but it took us too long to get the first one off." An incomplete left the lone second, which White needed.

California showed its strength in pounding Oregon 40-10. Cal's speedy Chuck Muncie picked up 126 yards rushing and Quarterback Steve Burkowski passed for 183 yards and two touchdowns while completing 10 of 17 throws. USC's Anthony Davis galloped for 194 yards and two touchdowns as the Trojans manhandled Washington State 54-7. Oregon State won its first game of the season after four nonconference losses by downing Washington 23-9.

Arizona Quarterback Bruce Hill dazzled Utah with superb ballhandling and completed 18 of 29 passes for 218 yards and two touchdowns as the Wildcats tore up the Redskins 41-8. Arizona's balanced attack punted 289 yards rushing and 228 passing.

Tulane won its fourth straight, 10-3, over Air Force in a downpour. Sophomore Martin Mitchell scored the game's only touchdown by disdaining a fair catch on a punt and wading 54 yards for a score. "Our defenders didn't believe anyone would take that ball without a fair catch," moaned Academy Coach Ben Martin. Colorado had a 34-7 field day at Iowa State.

1. Arizona (8-0)

2. USC (3-1) 3. Arizona State (2-1)

### SOUTHWEST

Oklahoma had major trouble with Texas before pulling out a 16-13 victory. The Sooners lost three fumbles in the first half and trailed 13-7 in the fourth quarter. A 40-yard end-around by Ike

by Brooks tied the score at 13-all, but John Carroll missed the extra-point attempt that would have put Oklahoma ahead. With nine minutes left Texas moved to midfield and tried for a first down on a fourth-and-one play at its own 49. Freshman Earl Campbell made the yardage but lost the ball when he was tackled by Leroy Selmon. The Sooners' Rod Shoute recovered, and moments later Tony DiRienzo, an exchange student from Brazil, kicked a game-winning 37-yard field goal.

The Longhorns' traditional spot atop the SWC was held by an unlikely trio—Baylor, SMU and Texas A&M. The Bears held an early 14-0 lead, then fell behind 17-14 in their game with Arkansas. They seemed doomed when the Razorbacks stopped them on fourth-and-one at the Arkansas 31 with just 3:43 remaining, but three plays later Razorback Quarterback Mark Miller fumbled the snap from center and Baylor's Wharton Foster recovered at the Arkansas 36. Tailback Steve Beard capped a seven-play drive by scoring from one yard out to give the Bears a 21-17 upset win.

Texas A&M Halfback Skip Walker scored three times in a nine-minute span in the second quarter and rushed for 138 yards overall as the Aggies surprised Texas Tech 28-7. SMU Fullback Dave Bostick ran for 105 yards, and 160-pound Quarterback Ricky Wesson added 103 more and three touchdowns as the Mustangs trampled TCU 33-13.

1. Texas A&M (4-1)

2. Texas Tech (3-1-1) 3. Texas (2-3)

### SOUTH

It did not figure to be much of a contest when Florida State, owning the nation's longest losing streak at 16, traveled to Denny Stadium in Tuscaloosa, where Alabama had won 32 straight. But with one minute and 27 seconds left State not only led 7-3, it had the ball. And Alabama was lucky to be that close. The Seminoles' placekicker, Ahmet Ankin, had missed field-goal attempts of 19 and 26 yards. The Crimson Tide's only score had come on Buckey Berry's 64-yard field goal late in the third quarter. Facing a fourth down at their own five-yard line, the Seminoles went into punt formation but elected to concede a safety rather than risk kicking the ball. Punter Joe Downey ran out of the end zone, which made the score 7-5 but gave State a free kick from its 20. Alabama returned the ball to the Seminoles 48 and immediately struck for 32 yards on a pass from Jack O'Rear to Ozzie Newsome. Three plays later three yards before Berry, with 33 seconds remaining, kicked a 36-yard field goal to give the Tide a scary 8-7 win. It was the first time Alabama had failed to score a touchdown at Denny Stadium since Bear Bryant became coach in 1958.

The only other unbeaten team in the Deep South is Auburn, which humbled Kentucky

enraptured

31-13. During the week Auburn Coach Shug Jordan had called his offense "disguising." His players responded by running up their highest offensive total of the season—429 yards, 363 of them on the ground. Kentucky managed to rush for 236 yards, 127 of them by all-SEC fullback Sonny Collins, and scored the first two touchdowns from scrimmage against Auburn all season, but it was not enough.

Florida had its hopes of an SEC title dimmed when it was upset by Vanderbilt 24-10. The Commodores turned the ball over six times in the first half but rallied with 18 second-half points to win. All the Vanderbilt scoring drives were directed by Substitute Quarterback David Lee, who played from midway in the first quarter for injured Fred Fisher.

LSU also had turnover problems, fumbling four times in the first half, but it too rallied, to beat Tennessee for the first time since 1933, 20-10. Clemson fumbled five times and never rallied as Maryland ran up its biggest victory margin since 1959, 41-0. It was the Terps' second straight shutout and the third straight game in which their first-team defense has not yielded a point. Horace King ran for four touchdowns, one of

79 yards, as Georgia stunned Mississippi 49-0. Georgia Tech slipped past North Carolina 29-28 on a two-point conversion pass from Rudy Allen to Jimmy Robison with 36 seconds remaining. Roland Hooks ran for a two-point conversion with 3:46 left as North Carolina State overcame a 21-point deficit to beat Virginia 22-21.

#### 1. Alabama (8-0)

#### 2. Auburn (8-0) 3. North Carolina State (8-0)

### EAST

Penn State's Nittany Lions finally shook off their extended case of the blahs and mauled an opponent. The victor, Wake Forest, never had a chance. Penn State returned the opening kickoff to its 38, then ate up the remaining 62 yards in just eight plays to take a 7-0 lead. It was 21-0 at the half, 48-0 after three quarters and 55-0 at the end. Lion Quarterback Tom Shuman threw a pair of touchdown passes, one of 57 yards to Jimmy Cefalo, who also ran 39 yards for a score.

Pittsburgh scored 24 points in the second half to come from behind and beat West Virginia 31-14. The Mountaineers held a surprising 14-7 halftime lead even though they still were playing without their sensational

wide receiver Danny Buggs. "A week ago we decided to give Danny a complete rest," said Coach Bobby Bowden. "We didn't want to spend the year with half a football player." The Panthers tied the game late in the third quarter on a 73-yard drive, and finally took the lead midway through the fourth quarter on Curson Long's 45-yard field goal. But with less than five minutes to play the issue was still in doubt. Pitt faced a fourth and one at the Mountaineer 43-yard line and Coach Johnny Majors decided to go for the first down. The Panthers made it, and two plays later Quarterback Billy Daniels hit world-class sprinter Karl Farmer with a 41-yard touchdown pass to put Pitt out of reach. The Panthers' Tony Dorsett picked up 145 yards on 38 carries.

Temple won its 12th straight by pounding Southern Illinois 59-18. The Owls set a school record for total offense with 422 yards, 460 of them on the ground. Quarterback Steve Joachim, who entered the game as the national leader in total offense, was held to 17 yards rushing and 159 passing but he scored three touchdowns on short runs, threw for another and directed his team to six touchdowns in their first 10 possessions.

Navv lost its third straight, to Syracuse

# PALL MALL GOLD

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17-9. Penn and Cornell tied 28-28 when Cornell Middle Guard Steve Horrigan stopped Penn's Adolph (Boop-Boop) Bellorcare for a loss on a fourth-and-one play at the Cornell four-yard line with less than two minutes to play. Harvard, Yale and Princeton won. The Crimson pounded hapless Columbia 34-6, the Elis shut out Brown 24-0, and the Tigers edged Dartmouth 14-7. Rutgers remained undefeated, dropping Lehigh 37-16.

1. Penn State (4-1)

2. Temple (4-0) 3. Pittsburgh (3-2)

**MIDWEST** Notre Dame needed a 20-play, 80-yard drive to pull out a 10-3 victory over stubborn but winless Rice. It was not a grand old day for the Irish, who suffered through 85 yards of penalties in the first half. Ara Patschke had successive 15-yard penalties called against him while trying to discover why one official was calling his offensive linemen for not "having their helmets breaking the plane of an imaginary line running through the bottoms of the numbers on the center's back." In the end it was Quarterback Tom Clements who saved the day. He engineered the winning drive, coming up with five consecutive third-down

successes, four of them on passes. Wayne Bullock pounded over from the two for the winning score with just 3:08 left.

Missouri scored three touchdowns in the final seven minutes to upset Nebraska 21-10. The heroes for the Tigers were a sophomore quarterback, Steve Pisarkiewicz, and Tony Galbreath, a nonlettered junior who had been converted from fullback to tailback just four days before the game. Pisarkiewicz passes and Galbreath ran ate up most of the yards in a 71-yard, 12-play drive that got Missouri on the scoreboard with 6:56 to go. A fumble recovery at the Nebraska 25 then led to a six-play scoring drive culminating in a nine-yard Pisarkiewicz-to-Mark Miller touchdown pass. Missouri got one last score following a late interception returned to the Cornhusker five. The Tigers' defense, in fact, played a big role all day. The Nebraska ground attack, which had been averaging 346 yards a game, managed just 101 yards in 54 carries.

Kansas downed Kansas State 20-13 in a thriller that ended when Wildcat Quarterback Steve Grogan was tackled at the Jayhawks' two-yard line on the last play of the game. Kansas had led 12-0, fallen behind 13-12, and did not gain the winning margin

until late in the fourth quarter when Laverne Smith, who had 139 yards on 17 carries, raced 51 yards for the score.

While Big Ten powers Ohio State and Michigan did their thing (page 26), Illinois

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Junior Quarterback Cornelius Greene led top-ranked Ohio State to a 52-7 victory over Wisconsin by running for 146 yards and two touchdowns and completing five of his seven passes for 81 yards and another score.

**DEFENSE:** Missouri Linebacker Lynn Evans, a 6', 205-pound senior, had six unassisted tackles and six assists as the Tigers held Nebraska's running game, which had been the fourth best in the nation, to 101 yards in a 21-10 upset.

1. Ohio State (5-0)

2. Michigan (3-2) 3. Oklahoma (4-0)



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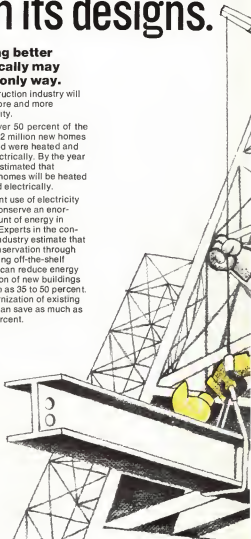
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## Golden goad for the Great Gundy

A task that now seems unrealistic inspired JoAnne Carner's '74 tour



HUSBAND DON IS ALWAYS IN JOANNE'S GALLERY

Parked under a dry, bony oak at a campground in northern California's mother lode country a few weeks ago was a 31-foot-long Airstream trailer. In the early morning light the silver capsule gleamed ominously against the background of the black-green oak, looking more like an interplanetary visitation than the mobile home of a latter-day gold miner, which it was.

Inside the trailer, her home for the past five years, JoAnne Gunderson Carner was drinking coffee and waking up for the first round of the Sacramento Union Ladies Classic, her 26th tournament of the season and one of the last steps toward the goal she set for herself in mid-summer—to earn \$100,000 in one year. By early this month, she was obliged to win three of the four official money events left on the calendar, a virtual impossibility—but the goal had become a goad, keeping her going to the end of an exhilarating but exhausting schedule. Carner was in the process of accomplish-

ing on the LPGA tour what Johnny Miller has done this year on the men's, topping giants. With her sixth win a week earlier in Portland she had raised her 1974 winnings to \$84,019, thereby surpassing Kathy Whitworth's record for a single season. Whitworth has dominated the women's money earnings in recent years much the way Jack Nicklaus has the men's, leading the list eight of the last nine seasons to Nicklaus's six out of 10, but this year she is some \$35,000 behind Carner.

The wonder is that JoAnne Carner did not challenge Whitworth sooner. Carner is now 35 and she came to the tour in 1969 as the Great Gundy, a big, easygoing woman whose amateur record included six national championships—five women's and one junior—and who for several years ranked the pros

by maintaining, aloud, that the tour was not for her because 1) it wasn't fun and 2) the pros were not all they were cracked up to be and 3) she and nine other amateurs could beat any 10 pros any old day, etcetera. And just to emphasize her point, she and her husband Don would drive their trailer to Florida from their home in Massachusetts each winter, stop just long enough for her to play and finish well up in a pro tournament or two (once, in 1969, she even won one) and then, leaving the prize money behind for the pros to divide among themselves, they would go fishing.

So, when the Great Gundy did turn pro, late in 1969, it was a matter of putting up fast or shutting up for good. She won one tournament in 1970 and was named Rookie of the Year, but her winnings, \$15,000 or so, did not approach her expenses. The next year she won two tournaments, one of them the Women's Open, but she still earned barely enough to keep the trailer in shag rugs. Then followed two miserable, aimless seasons during which her powerful, natural swing went to pieces and with it her confidence. A year ago, at the height of the summer, she finished out of the money in eight straight tournaments.

"As an amateur I could hit the ball, but I didn't really know how," she says. "In 20 years of golf I had never had a slump, so I didn't know what to do with it when it came. I didn't know how to break down my swing and find out how to hit every shot. And at the same time I was thinking too much. I couldn't stop analyzing while I was playing. You try so hard and you put so much pressure on yourself. They talk on 'professional' after your name and you're supposed to know everything."

Something kept her going, maybe pride, or embarrassment, or what she calls "my pig-headed Norwegianness." A major factor was certainly Don Carner, who besides being coach, confidant, business manager and constant companion is also booster, publicist, dresser, fishing partner and often cook. He is an intense, wiry man with thinning blond hair combed over a brown scalp who claims he makes the best chicken and dumplings anyone ever ate. One of the other important things he does is make sure there are still some good times to balance JoAnne's hours on the practice tee; like a

continued

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## GOLF continued

fishing trip now and then, such as the one he was planning for this week's break between Sacramento and San Diego, the next stop on the schedule.

Even with a trailer to go back to, JoAnne spends a fair amount of time on the practice tee. "A good pro has to work," she says, "but you learn to face up to it and even to look forward to practicing."

"JoAnne has a swing like Babe did," says Marilyn Smith. In 1949, along with Babe Zaharias, Marilyn Smith was a founding member of the LPGA and at 45 she still plays the tour with considerable success. "JoAnne has the power that Babe had and the same sort of three-quarter swing. She also has Babe's communication with the galleries." When they are straight, and sometimes even when they are not, Carner's drives travel 250 yards, which is nearly always 30 yards ahead of her playing partners.

JoAnne, for all her power, was going nowhere last winter until she went to Gardner Dickinson in Lost Tree Village, Fla. for help. In two sessions—three hours one day, one hour another—Dickinson laid out his theories for the Carners. He could mimic JoAnne's swing and so was able both to explain and demonstrate what was wrong. "Then he showed me what he wanted me to do," says JoAnne, "and how to make the corrections. I guess I'd always been a bad pupil. I think I hadn't ever really listened till I began listening to Gardner."

Dickinson was the beginning. Next came Texas Rangers' Manager Billy Martin, of all people. Through mutual friends, Martin and Carner wound up at the same dinner table one night toward the end of spring training. Conversation worked itself around to golf, and Martin, an enthusiastic shanker who knows a lot about getting the most out of the athletic psyche, went to work on JoAnne.

"He asked me if I was scared," says JoAnne. "I said that although I hated even the word, that I would admit that I didn't trust my swing and I guessed that was a form of being scared."

They talked until 2 a.m. about aggressive thinking and enjoying the game and how to practice. Martin pointed out that because she was practicing in the mornings before her rounds, JoAnne was bringing her analyzing frame of mind onto the course with her.

"He told me that you just can't shut it off as soon as you begin to play," she

recalls. "He said I should just warm up, hit 15 or 20 balls to loosen my muscles before I play and do my analyzing afterward. He said that then I should go to work with specifics in mind, like bad fairway woods or poor eight-irons. Now Don and I talk over the round, decide what I should work on and then I might hit as few as two buckets or as many as nine, like I did in Las Vegas. And it was 105° there."

In the meantime, JoAnne put herself on a diet. She is five feet seven and looks taller. She has always had a big frame, but over the last few years she had put on so much weight that her girlish appearance had turned almost matronly. By eliminating breakfast and lunch and Cokes on the course for more than seven months she has taken off 35 pounds. Her big, direct blue eyes have emerged as the face around them has receded. She still will not say what she weighs, but she will say that it is less than Don's for a change and that it is about time.

Carner's winning streak began in May with the Bluegrass Invitational in Louisville and continued through two of the next three tournaments—the Hoosier Classic in Indiana and the Desert Inn Classic. In July she went back to Dickinson for one more day-long lesson and won again in mid-August in St. Paul. Then came Dallas and Portland both in September.

At Sacramento she finished tied for fourth, picking up only \$1,700, and her dream of becoming golf's first \$100,000 woman just about vanished. If she fails to make it, it is more a reflection on LPGA purses than her year-long performance. Her six wins, transposed to the men's tour, would surely have brought her more than \$200,000.

Now JoAnne is back on the practice tee and Don is watching her. Her drives have been veering right all day and he spots the fault in her position at address.

"You keep that right side down," he says. "When you get that right hip down there you look so damn good."

Soon the shots she has been pulling start to straighten out and she is obviously beginning to enjoy herself.

She moves quickly through all her clubs. Everything is working right.

"O K, JoAnne, let's go home," says Don, seeing she is beginning to tire.

"Naw," says JoAnne, continuing to swing, hitting one red-ringed range ball after another. "It feels good." **END**

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# Monza 2+2



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## A team with real cheek

**The Cardinals' 31-28 win over Dallas kept their unbeaten record intact and enhanced the startling notion that they are genuine contenders**

It has been years since the St. Louis Cardinals have been considered for anything but the birds. After all, what other NFL club could claim such a firm hold on mediocrity that its fans thought the team slogan was: For God, For Country and Four-Nine-and-One. Now suddenly, after last week's 31-28 victory over Dallas ran their record to 5-0, the Cards clearly have become something new and unexpected. What they are for is for real.

At least they have proved as thorough as a team can in less than half a season that they are genuine playoff contenders. That alone is a refreshing change in St. Louis, where the Cardinals' reputation for ineptness on offense was surpassed only by their notoriety for porousness on defense. Somebody presumably made a tackle for the Big Red last year, but the occasion went unnoticed; the Cards, never famous for their tight teamwork, got together to yield 365 points and almost three miles in yardage to their unhindered opponents.

The prospects for this season indicated more of the same before team unity, a daring offense, plain good fortune and a stout new defense put the Cards in competition with the also-unbeaten Patriots for the title of Most Instantaneously Improved.

St. Louis opened the season with a 7-3 win over Philadelphia, stopping a Roman Gabriel passes inside the 10-yard line in the last 30 seconds. A week later in Washington the Cards won by a touchdown. None of this was too surprising since fast starts are not unheard of in St. Louis. Alas, they are invariably followed by faster flops, so it was not until the team slammed Cleveland 29-7 and San Francisco 34-9 that some people got the idea that the Cards were jokers no more. Among those folks were the Cardinals themselves.

Even though St. Louis had become one of the league's most spectacular scoring teams with seven of its first 11 touchdowns coming on plays of 56 yards or better, the more dramatic reversal concerned the defense. The year before, that unit had suffered so many injuries that only indestructible Linebacker Larry Stallings and Defensive Tackle Bob Rowe had played in all 14 games. With everyone healthy, St. Louis suddenly found it indeed could stop opponents, cold. In the first four games the Cards allowed only 29 points and sacked op-

posing quarterbacks 13 times, nearly half the total for all of '73.

"As a unit, I think we've touched more balls on deflections, interceptions and blocked passes than we did all of last year," says Stallings. "Take my personal totals. I've got an interception and I've knocked four passes down. That's normally as many as I get in a season. When you do those things, you're going to give a quarterback problems."

As they prepared to meet Dallas, the Cards were no less impressed by the early wonders their offense had performed. "When you're 4-0 you can actually start seeing the possibilities that can develop," says Running Back Jim Otis. "If we win Sunday, we'll be in the playoffs. We have the ability to go three, four or five yards at a crack and the ability to make the big play. Not too many teams can do both. Another thing is the little extras the guys do, like taking extra laps after practice or working longer on the weights. It's really amazing. The guys

here do all those things without having to be told."

Coach Don Coryell, whom the Cards hired away from San Diego State last season, was aware that his unlikely assortment of pretenders was catching the Cowboys at the worst possible time. "It's just fate that they weren't 4-0 instead of 1-3," he said. "When you go up against a team like that, with its back to the wall, it makes your job doubly difficult. There's no way to sneak up on them like we might have in other seasons. We're going to have to come up with something super to stay in the game. We can't afford to give them any free TDs."

Indeed, Dallas' Tom Landry must be wondering what the fates have against his team. The once high-riding Cowboys have turned in only one truly bad performance, a 14-6 loss to the Giants. Their other defeats have been frustrating affairs such as the one at Minnesota two weeks ago, when the Vikings kicked a disputed field goal with one second showing on

*continued*



JACKIE SMITH BULLED PAST FOUR COWBOYS BEFORE LUNGING IN FOR A TOUCHDOWN

the clock. "Damn! When is this stuff gonna end?" fumed one Cowboy official.

It seemed that it might end immediately against the Cardinals, when they gave up one of the "free" TDs Coryell feared in the form of a 97-yard punt runback by Dennis Morgan the first time the Cowboys had the ball. St. Louis quickly evened things on a one-yard touchdown run by Donny Anderson that was set up by another of those long gainers that the Cardinals have come to expect as their offensive due.

It was a big play that required tall acting. Taking over at his 12-yard line, Quarterback Jim Hart sent Terry Metcalf into the line for one yard while off to the side the Cards' star sprinter, Wide Receiver Mel Gray, was bucking for an Oscar. Acting as though he had been seized by runaway arthritis, a pelvic fracture and hangnail on every toe, Gray limped off the field in apparent search of a bone-and-joint man. But it was merely a ruse to get former SMU Quarterback Gary Hammond into the game as a wide receiver. The substitution completed, Hart then threw a lateral pass to Hammond as the Dallas secondary came up aggressively to protect against the run. Hammond unloaded an 81-yard pass to Tight End Jackie Smith, who was caught at the Dallas six by Cliff Harris.

Gray later turned from low gait to high gear. Before the game he had lamented the fact that he had never scored a touchdown against Dallas. That situation was remedied midway through the second quarter when Gray simply outran Charlie Waters on an 80-yard scoring reception from Hart. "They were trying to play me one-on-one and that made me smile," said Gray. "I guess maybe people will start taking us seriously now."

Any residual opinion that St. Louis was not for real should have vanished just before the half ended when Smith scored a gutsy touchdown. Throwing under the zone coverage, Hart had moved the Cards 44 yards to the Dallas 19-yard line as time was running out. With seven seconds left, he threw over the middle to Smith, who broke four tackles before swan-diving into the end zone to give St. Louis a 21-14 lead.

"I remember catchin' the ball and divin' in," Smith said later in his corn pone Mississippi accent, "but nothin' in between 'cept some people hittin' on me. How many guys was it? Four. Well, that's a pretty good run then. I'm kinda proud



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of myself." In fact, Smith took a bone-crunching shot from each of the four—Lee Roy Jordan, Harris, D. D. Lewis and Jethro Pugh—before his scoring plunge. The entire St. Louis bench emptied to congratulate him in the end zone.

In the second half, Metcalf romped over from the eight to culminate a drive set up when Clarence Duren picked off Roger Staubach's 10th intercepted pass of the season. Other than that, Staubach was magnificent in this game, running for one touchdown, passing 24 yards to Tight End Jean Fugett for another and directing Dallas in a rally that tied the score at 28.

That deadlock provided the Cards with the opportunity to display their new stature. The Cowboys had used squib kicks to keep the ball away from Metcalf, but he finally got ahead of a kick and returned it 56 yards to the Dallas 34 with 3:39 to go. Six plays later Jim Bakken kicked a 31-yard field goal with 62 seconds left to play.

Even in victory, St. Louis' first over Dallas since 1970, few of the Cardinals were making positive predictions about their prospects. "The playoffs?" said Hart. "Sure, we'd make the playoffs if they were next week. They aren't. There's still a long way to go."

Maybe so, but the spirit and unity Coryell has infused into his team bodes well for continued success. "We take nothing for granted now," Smith said. "My first few years here, we'd look at a couple of games as easy, so that we would have a tendency to ease up and slack off. Now it's just impossible to approach a game that way. That's what gives me the best feeling about our potential. That complacent attitude will never be part of this team. Along with that, I feel we can get a lot more out of ourselves because we're getting pride and confidence."

And Smith, for one, has plenty of both. The wear and tear of the young season has already implanted a deep purple bruise the size of a \$6 pizza on his left buttock. The week before he had winced through some backside-pounding congratulations from his teammates after his strong performance against the 49ers. How had he survived a similar round of applause following his touchdown against the Cowboys?

"I turned the other cheek," Smith said. That is the only kind of charity that can be expected from St. Louis this season.

END

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CHALLENGER LOU FERRIGNO (RIGHT) WAS STUNPED BY THE NIGHTY AUSTRIAN OAK

## Trying to muscle in

Practice makes the perfect man—he's still Arnold Schwarzenegger

Even the sharpest perception is dulled by the maelstrom of New York City, a place where an extravaganza is as common as wing tips at the Rotary Club. But last week many blasé New Yorkers were gagging on their sequins-and-denim cool, gaping like tykes at the circus at the sight of the huge men strutting about Madison Square Garden. The giants were there for a showdown, not with fists or guns, or even with basketballs, but with muscles.

The occasion was the Mr. Olympia contest staged in the Garden's Felt Forum. It was a bodybuilding competition among the world's most muscular and

best-developed men, and their talent was obvious. No bad call by an umpire, no upset stomach, no poor footing could induce a slack performance. It was all there on the posing stand, the symmetrical result sculpted through tedious, agonizing and seemingly endless hours of pumping iron in dank gymnasiums, and it was appreciated by a coterie of zealous fans.

The objects of esteem were four men at the zenith of their sport, athletes so far advanced that even their colleagues regard them with envy and awe. They were Arnold Schwarzenegger, going for his fifth consecutive Mr. Olympia title, enough of a legend for his first name to evoke a response wherever a barbells is picked up with purpose; Lou Ferrigno from Brooklyn, even bigger than Arnold, but young, entered in his first professional contest; Franco Columbu, short and compact, whose misfortune it is to be performing in the same era as his friend Schwarzenegger; and Frank Zane, like Arnold and Franco a Californian, also a schoolteacher and one of the few ever to defeat Schwarzenegger.

That victory was back in 1968 in a Mr. Universe contest.

Ferrigno was the subject of speculation and curiosity, the rookie who looked good during the spring, but could he hack it in the major league? He is 6' 5", weighs 265, and at 22 is regarded as the heir to the champion. The two had never met, and just a few days before the contest Ferrigno wondered about the wisdom of challenging Schwarzenegger, the "Austrian Oak." If Ferrigno did and lost, the appearance in the Garden would cost him his amateur status and he would become a wandering minstrel with nowhere to play his tune. On Wednesday Matthew Ferrigno, who is a lieutenant in the New York City Police Department and Lou's father, said, "If Arnold were here we could decide, but Arnold don't show himself to nobody." The champ was still in Los Angeles.

The next day young Ferrigno appeared at a press preview, and after a session under the warm lights of television cameras, the brooding giant made his decision. He would meet Schwarzenegger. "I've been waiting eight years for this day to come," he said in a heavy Flatbush accent. "The Olympia is the most prestigious class in the world."

"If my son wins, he will hold the title for a decade," the lieutenant noted proudly. "There is nobody on the horizon to challenge him."

The dark, busy-haired Ferrigno, who for the moment has put aside his career as a sheet-metal worker, had just won his second Mr. Universe title in Verona, Italy and was on a six-hour-a-day, six-day-a-week training schedule and a strict diet. Criticism of his legs was driving him to lift 600 pounds 15 to 20 times daily to improve his calf muscles.

His detractors said he still lacked the definition of muscle essential to achieve top ranking in the sport. The ability was there, but the polish was missing. Ferrigno is massive, but so is Schwarzenegger, and the Oak's muscles jump out at you like outrageous price tags. "Lou can't even beat me," said Columbu, his voice accented with scorn. "He lacks experience and a few body parts, like a back and calves. When he stands with Arnold, he looks bigger because he is bigger. He looks impressive. But when they pose, Arnold's experience wins out. An amateur will be up against a professional."

Columbu was competing with Frank

continued

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## BODYBUILDING *continued*

Zane in the small class of Mr. Olympia, the category for men weighing less than 200 pounds. There would be individual class winners, plus an overall champion, but it was obvious that Columbu considered the major title beyond his reach. Why, then, was he here? "The main thing is not to win the contest," he answered. "I have a very good following. They expect a good show."

Just then, a skinny teen-ager walked up and plaintively asked the secret to gaining weight. It was like badgering Nolan Ryan about how to pitch a fastball. "I have a booklet about that," Columbu said. He peddles booklets explaining his training secrets. They sell for \$2. Schwarzenegger gets \$3 for his.

On Friday Columbu and Schwarzenegger appeared on a morning television show. Ferrigno was not there. "He is probably sitting at home watching my body and moving around his television set, posing, to see if he should compete," said Schwarzenegger. "I want to go against Ferrigno because he is new and people are talking about him."

Both Schwarzenegger and Columbu are considering retirement. The Oak is only 27 but he is weary of competition, or perhaps the lack of it, and he hinted that this could be his last contest. Columbu, who claims to be 30 but may be older, is attending a chiropractic school; he intends to go into business.

When the competition began, it was immediately evident that Columbu would defeat Zane and win that class. Next to the dense, muscular Italian, Zane looked almost willowy. That left the champ and the challenger.

The crowd responded with wild shouts of encouragement as Schwarzenegger and his young opponent took the stage. Spotlights and oil highlighted their muscles. As they moved through their poses, Schwarzenegger's superiority began to show. At one point they turned and found themselves face-to-face, both locked in arm shots, veins popping and foreheads glistening, their bodies trembling with effort. Schwarzenegger looked at Ferrigno and smiled, as if to say, "You are beaten." It was a boxer psyching his opponent, and the crowd knew it and so did the judges. Once more Arnold Schwarzenegger was Mr. Olympia.

Later, as he walked down the crowded streets of the city, people turned and stared unabashedly at him. Tykes at the circus.

END



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# Once upon a Time

*... long, long ago a giant snake that rattled slid across this land, and he milked cows and poisoned the waters and cast a baleful eye on man and child*

*by BIL GILBERT*

**T**he classical monsters—harpies, hydras, scaly giants and werewolves—who tore down mead halls, carried off virgins and in general made a plague of themselves, apparently suffered from seasickness. At least they never crossed the Atlantic. Americans have had to deal only with an occasional Jersey Giant or Sasquatch, and these local abominations have been pretty much the bumpkin type and have kept to the outer thickets.

Still, a society benefits from at least one formidable fright. What would Old England have been like without dragons, or Rumania without vampires? Lacking exotic imports, Americans have created their own monster. The Old Country technique was to begin with the tales of minstrels, poets and magicians, embroidering on these until something suitably frightening to children was created. Being down-to-earth people, Americans started with a real beast, and then talked it up to a level where it could hold its own against any demon St. George ever knew or slew.

Our monster is the rattlesnake, which European-Amer-

*continued*

## Rattlers continued



icans first encountered four centuries ago. Since then we have been so obsessed with the reptile, told so many tales about it and so frightened ourselves with it that few of us can distinguish the real beast from the mythic monster.

The first news of the rattlesnake may have been taken back to the Old World by a Spaniard, Pedro Cieza de León, who in 1554 published an account of his travels in Peru. Considering the tales that would follow shortly, his report was matter-of-fact: "There are other snakes which make a noise when they walk like the sound of bells. If these snakes bite a man they kill him."

In 1630 a New England divine, the Rev. Francis Higginson, wrote, "Yea, there are some serpents called Rattle Snakes that have Rattles in their Tayles, that will not flye from a man as others will, but will flye upon him and sting him so mortally that hee will dye within a quarter of an houre, except the partle stinged have about him some of the root of an Herbe called Snakeweede to bite on, and then he shall receive no harme."

Thomas Morton, writing home to England in 1637, commented, "There is a longe creeple that hath a rattle in his tayle, that does discover his age; for so many years as hee hath lived, so many *joynts* are in that rattle, which soundeth like pease in a bladder, and this beast is called a rattlesnake."

It would be unseemly to continue further without noting that the brief quotations from Cieza de León, Higginson and Morton, as well as some of the intriguing information that follows, appear in a marvelous work of science and art, *Rattlesnakes, Their Habits, Life Histories, and Influence on Mankind*, written by the late Laurence M. Klauber. Klauber was an engineer-turned-herpetologist who was the consulting curator of reptiles at the San Diego Zoo for more than 40 years. His *Rattlesnakes* touches on everything from the morphology to the mythology of the reptiles, and is without rival as the standard reference work on the subject.

So complete and exhaustive is it that citing Klauber whenever material from his study is used would be tedious, but it would also be misleading and ungrateful to minimize the work as a source. The views of other authorities and numerous personal observations of rattlesnakes follow, but almost anything anybody wants to know about rattlesnakes appears in Klauber's two-volume, 1,500-page masterwork (University of California Press, \$50).

After the first more or less straightforward accounts of the American creeple, stories about rattlesnakes began to blossom in luxurious fashion. In 1642 Thomas Lechford supplied the comforting information that, if bitten, a man would turn the same color as the offending snake, *i.e.*, "blew, white, and greene spotted." Since this color combination does not correspond to any known species of rattler—or man, either—Lechford was perhaps the first in a long line of reporters contributing to rattlesnake lore without ever having seen one of the reptiles. In any event, after Lechford the mythologizing of the creeple began with a vengeance.

A cardinal rule of monster-making is to think big. Some of the bigger and better rattlers reported since (and catalogued by state) include:

**Arizona.** Early in this century a 14-footer lived in the Huachuca Mountains along the Mexican border. It had the unpleasant habit of slithering after prospectors, running them into their cabins and laying siege to them. The size and behavior of this snake suggest it may have been a descendant of the Apache snakes that once infested this area. Apache shamans would talk giant snakes into ambushing whites.

**Arkansas.** A rattler of undescribed length but with a head the size of a water bucket and rattles as large as a coffee cup.

**California.** In 1881 a rattlesnake attacked a horse pulling a rancher's wagon. The rattler dragged the horse and wagon to the edge of a gulch and there tethered the horse by

hatching itself around the animal's leg and a tree. For extra purchase the snake drove its fangs into the tree trunk. The astonished rancher finally gained the upper hand by shooting the reptile; he said that it measured 12 feet.

*Florida.* Eighteen feet.

*Ohio.* In 1808 a 12-foot rattler measured 15 inches "around the shoulders."

*Oklahoma.* In the 1950s a 21-foot rattler was killed near Poteau after it had bitten a lady in the foot.

Perhaps the largest rattler of all was seen in Baja California. Klauber received a letter from a rancher's wife describing an encounter between a boy and this snake, which was between 25 and 30 feet long and "hissed with such force it sounded like a bull." A rattler of that length would have weighed close to 400 pounds.

According to verified records, the eastern diamondback rattler (*Crotalus adamanteus*) is the largest of the species. The longest Klauber personally measured was a bit over six feet, but there are dependable records of seven-footers. The longest diamondback for which Klauber believed there was undisputable evidence was an 8' 1½" specimen.

Ross Allen, the famous snake man of Silver Springs, Fla., put monster snake stories into perspective when he wrote in 1953: "I have been in business for nearly 28 years, during which time I have received from 1,000 to 5,000 *Crotalus adamanteus* annually, a total of about 50,000 altogether. The largest specimen I personally measured was 7' 3" in total length, exclusive of rattle, and weighed 15 pounds. For years I offered a reward of \$100 to anyone who brought in an eight-foot Florida diamondback, dead or alive. In recent years I have offered \$200, without results."

Spoilsports such as Klauber, Allen and their colleagues have tended to exert a depressing effect on tellers of long-

rattlesnake stories. However, when it comes to behavior, folk reporters have not been hampered by tape measures. Rattlesnakes have been said to possess the following characteristics and capabilities.

- They bite with their fangs but inject venom through forked tongues.
- The breath of rattlesnakes is poisonous, and there is a dust in their rattles that is lethal if inhaled.
- By staring at their intended prey, including men, rattlesnakes exert a hypnotic influence, immobilizing victims so that they can be killed; some are killed by the evil eye. Many people have reported seeing small animals, mostly birds and rabbits, so entranced that they walked into the jaws of a snake. There is a theory that a rattler must kill by hypnosis or something similar because if it killed by injecting venom, then the rattler itself would die eating the poisoned prey.
- Rattlesnakes will strike and eject poison into a spring, then hang about waiting for some unwary creature to drink the water, after which it dies and becomes snake food. In the same fashion, rattlers will strike and contaminate hollytrees, then wait for dead birds that have eaten the berries to fall down around them.
- Rattlesnakes will swallow their young, giving the brood temporary refuge from danger.
- Rattlesnakes milk cows. (Among others, Sherlock Holmes and Mowgli reported the fondness of snakes for warm milk.)
- Rattlesnakes mate for life and are inseparable. If one is molested, the other's anger and desire for vengeance is intense. Thus, after a member of a covered-wagon train killed a female rattler on the Kansas prairie one morning in 1853, the male trailed the wagons all that day and night finally killing one of the emigrants.

continued



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## Rattlers continued

- If a snake bites a man and the snake dies, the man will live. If the man dies, the snake will live. (A variant has it that if the snake is killed before the fate of the man is determined, the toxicity of the injected venom will be increased.)
- If a snake bites a nursing mother, her infant will be poisoned. However, in the South, the last bastion of gallantry, rattlesnakes will not bite women. In other conservative areas a snake will bite some women but never a good (in the severely technical sense) woman.
- Rattlesnakes will not bite a person wearing an anklet of snake bones. White ash, onions, burning shoes, king snake oil, tobacco, urine and hair balls of a cat will keep away rattlesnakes, depending on what part of the country you are in.
- A motorist traveling in the Salton Sea area of southeastern California suffered

a puncture. He lacked a spare tire but understood the ways of the desert. He backed over a nearby rattler, which struck the tire. The rubber immediately swelled from the effect of the venom and the puncture was sealed.

- If a rattler strikes an ax head, the metal will become discolored and the infected piece will break. On the other hand, if a rattler strikes an ax handle, it will swell until the head is popped off the shaft. If a rattler bites a piece of meat, the meat will turn green.

- If a bee stings a rattler, the bee will soak up venom that will not hurt it but will be fatal to anything the bee stings.

- On the useful side, puree of rattlesnake, rattles and venom is good for toothaches, tuberculosis, chills, fevers, rheumatism, ringworm, deafness, bad complexion and acid indigestion.

### TO CUT THE LOSSES

While there is no single pill or injection that automatically "cures" snakebite, medical treatment has drastically reduced the fatality rate and minimized the physical effects.

Since snakebites often occur far from a hospital, treatment may have to begin with first aid. But before that, one should make certain that the offending snake is indeed venomous. If possible, it should be killed and brought in for positive identification. A victim can suffer from hysteria or extreme panic and these reactions can cause complications (and even death), quite unconnected with the effects of the venom. Therefore, the person bitten should remain or be kept as calm as circumstances and personalities permit. He should not make a wild dash for help. Violent exercise circulates the venom more rapidly. But walking for as much as an hour is not harmful.

The following procedures are recommended if there is no way to get to a physician: a tourniquet should be placed two to four inches above the wound. It should not be so tight as to impede the flow of blood and should be released every 10 minutes for a minute or two. After the tourniquet is applied, two straight incisions—no fancy Xs—should be made through the fang marks. They should

be no longer than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch, no deeper than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch. Suction, preferably by cup, should be applied to these incisions. If no other device is available, use the mouth. The blood and venom should be spit out. (Considerable amounts of venom can be swallowed without harmful effects.) If the suction is begun within a few minutes after the bite and is continued for an hour, as much as 50% of the venom can be removed. Very little can be removed after that. Therefore suction should be discontinued.

A checklist of possible medical treatment includes among other things: the use of broad-spectrum antibiotics, tetanus injection, intravenous infusions of fresh whole blood, electrolyte solutions and pain-killers. Oxygen, Adrenalin and hook drugs should be held in readiness. Antivenin should be administered if the patient is not allergic.

Rattlesnake antivenin has been available in this country for 50 years. However, it is based on horse serum, to which some people are violently allergic. Laymen working in snake country often carry antivenin kits, supplied by cooperative physicians. Anyone with such equipment should think carefully before using it, since an allergic reaction to horse serum can be as deadly as a rattler.

These claims made against and for rattlesnakes are selected from among hundreds available. They all have been proved false, but during the course of 35 years of talking about rattlers with a variety of people, I have found somebody who believes each one. In some cases suspects is perhaps a more accurate word than believes. A cowboy will say, for example, that it seems improbable that a rattler will poison water but he has heard good secondhand reports of this happening and that until he has better information he is not about to drink out of Yaqui Springs, which is a notorious rattler hangout.

By no means are all of the believers ignorant backwoodsmen. In fact, the farther removed people are from the company of rattlers the more inclined they are to be gullible about them. I know of one corporate lawyer who believes (because he was told it was so as a boy by the family gardener) that the fore rattle of a snake contains dust that will cause blindness. On the other hand, there is a Tennessee moonshiner, a qualified backwoodsman, who has heard this evil dust story, knows that it is an old wives' tale and will prove it by grinding up a rattler and sprinkling the powder on his food. However, this man also pulverizes rattles, mixes the powder with a quart of raw moonshine and spreads the mixture around his still when he is working there. He does so because his granddaddy told him this was a good way to keep down rattlers.

Beyond what might be called rattlesnake unnatural history—that is, information that somebody once or still believes to be true—there is an abundance of rattlesnake whoppers. These are tall tales that not many believe but that provide good yarns. One of these is sufficient to suggest the flavor of many. The story is told in the Seven Mountains of Pennsylvania that a man set out to build a cabin. In dressing the first log he disturbed a rattler, which sank its fangs into the timber. The log began to swell from the venom and continued to swell until it provided enough lumber for a 12-room house. When the building was finished, the man painted it, forgetting the well-known properties of turpentine for neutralizing rattler poison. After the first coat of paint the house began to shrink and eventually was reduced to the original log.

Nothing could be so clever, diabolical

and stout as the mythical rattlesnake. Nevertheless, real, flesh-and-blood rattlers are remarkably interesting and indeed formidable. They belong to a family known as the pit vipers, which includes two other venomous American snakes, the copperhead and cottonmouth. Pit vipers are thought to have originated in the Mexican highlands and to have moved north and south.

There are 15 known species of native rattlesnakes. (A rattlesnake is any pit viper with a rattle.) Though these seem to do best in dry warm country, they are found all the way to the Canadian border (and even beyond) in a variety of habitats: woodland, swamp, coastal, prairie, rocks and sand. The optimum temperature range for rattlers is 80° to 90°. Being warm-blooded, they cannot survive ground temperatures above 105° to 110°. Therefore in very hot weather they usually go underground during midday and hunt by night. Below 55°, rattlers become inactive and they may die in freezing weather so they seek hibernation dens in the fall and remain there until spring.

Given their catholic taste in habitat, rattlesnakes have existed at one time or another almost everywhere in the U.S. There are now a few localities where rattlers have been exterminated (Delaware and Maine, for instance).

Females mate when they are two or three years old and bear their young in broods of a dozen or so; thereafter they show little maternal concern. In myth, great age is often attributed to rattlers, but in fact a 10-year-old has led a full life. There are reports of individuals living 20 years, but this is exceedingly rare. The notion that the number of rattles on the tail indicates the number of years the beast has lived is false. A rattle is added each time the snake sheds its skin, which in young animals may occur three or four times a year. Also, longer strings of rattles usually break off because they are brittle. Reports of huge rattler strings, containing 40 to 80 segments, are often heard. However, it is easy to fabricate long chains by taking the rattles of many snakes and fastening them together.

Rattlesnakes are predators, never taking vegetable food except by accident. They prey on small mammals up to the size of rabbits, on birds, lizards, amphibians, occasionally on fish and other snakes. Rattles are heavy-bodied and not especially agile. At top speed, which

continued

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**Rattlers** *continued*

they can maintain only briefly, they crawl at a rate of about three miles per hour, walking pace for a man. They have fairly good vision but are shortsighted, not able to perceive movement much more than 15 feet away. There is some dispute on the matter but it is generally thought that rattlers, which are earless, do not hear in the conventional sense. However, they are sensitive to vibrations of the earth. Rattlers are good swimmers and are not timid about entering the water.

A variety of mammals will prey on rattlers, as will predatory birds, most especially the red-tailed hawk. Wild turkeys, domestic turkeys and chickens will sometimes kill rattlers. The king snake has a great and deserved reputation as a rattler killer, but this is not an obsession or a matter of natural law and order. If a king snake comes upon a smaller rattler it may kill and eat it. Cannibalism among rattlers is rare but not unknown.

In evolutionary terms, the rattlers are a comparatively modern group of snakes, possessing a variety of sophisticated and newfangled adaptations that their relatives lack. For example, there are the pits that give this branch of the vipers its family name. These appear on each side of the head between eye and nostril. They are heat sensors and enable the snake, at distances up to a foot, to detect a temperature difference of as little as one degree centigrade higher or lower than that of the background. These sensors are particularly useful to the snake as it hunts in dark tunnels.

The rattle is an interlocking series of horny, multilobed segments attached to the tip of the tail. When the segments are "rattled" against one another as a result of an intentional muscular movement by the snake, they produce a distinctive buzzing sound. The rattling apparatus is unique, and one wonders why it evolved and what its function is. It has been suggested that rattlers rattle as a kind of sporting gesture to give other creatures a head start before the snake comes after them with the intent to poison or mesmerize. It has also been claimed that the rattle is used in courtship, as a device for communication, or for attracting curious and potential prey. These theories have now been discarded, studies seeming to show that a snake rattles to bluff away creatures that might do it harm. "Don't tread on me," is apparently the message and function. The belief that rattlers will always rattle before striking is false.

*continued*



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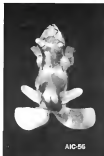
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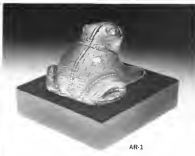
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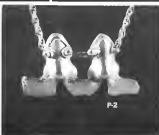
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## Rattlers

Whether or not a rattler makes a noise depends upon the circumstances and, very likely, the mood of the snake.

Perhaps the most sophisticated of all the rattler adaptations, and certainly the one that has earned its moniker reputation, is the venom apparatus. The fangs work something like a hinged hypodermic needle, being attached to the head bone in such a way that they may be raised into a striking position or, when not in use, folded back against the roof of the mouth. The fangs are hollow, enclosing a venom duct. They are an inch long and very sharp, but also very fragile and can be broken or damaged easily. Fangs are replaced frequently, every two or three weeks in some species. In the head of each rattler are at least half a dozen sets of fangs in various stages of development. Periodically the functional fangs are pushed out by the set growing in behind, much as the permanent teeth of a child dislodge the baby teeth.

Venom is produced and stored in glands located on either side of the

snake's head. It is released when muscles squeeze the gland, forcing the venom down into the venom duct, and into whatever the snake has struck.

When it comes to lethal properties, real snakes can almost hold their own with mythical ones. Unit for unit, and depending upon the species, reptile poison can be 40 times as toxic as sodium cyanide, 10 times as toxic as typhoid endotoxin, seven times as toxic as the *Amanita* mushroom, five times as toxic as the venom of a black widow spider and twice as toxic as strychnine. Not only is it strong but it is buffered by some 25 enzymes, biological catalysts that speed up its effect and multiply problems arising from snakebite.

So complex is the venom-enzyme cocktail of the rattler, it has thus far defied precise chemical analysis. In consequence, venom is normally described in terms of the effects it produces. These vary but in a broad way can be summarized as follows. In a normal predatory situation, enzymes serve to predigest the

snake's prey, as meat tenderizer softens a tough steak. Injected into a man, the enzymes begin to break down fibers and the cellular structure itself. They contribute to the hemorrhaging that often accompanies snakebite and are also responsible for "killing" the flesh in the area of the bite. Gangrene will sometimes be a by-product of this, causing chronic problems long after the effects of the venom have disappeared. The venom itself produces pain, swelling, nausea, allergic shock, hemorrhaging, weakening of pulse, lowering of blood pressure, increase in temperature, respiratory and circulatory difficulties and unconsciousness. Generally, if death occurs, it is caused by neurotoxic effects resulting in respiratory or cardiac failure or because hemorrhaging has so riddled the vascular system that the heart can no longer pump blood through it.

Klauber was of the opinion that the eastern diamondback was probably the most deadly rattler, not because its venom was the strongest (other species are

*continued*

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## Rattlers *continued*

more toxic) but because as the largest of the rattlers it could produce and inject more venom. With the possible exception of the pygmy species, under the right conditions any American rattler can inject enough venom to kill an adult.

All of which Americans had been aware of before they knew what an enzyme was. With lots of empiric evidence at hand demonstrating that snakebite was bad business, we have tried during the past four centuries an enormous variety of remedies—animal, vegetable and mineral—for snakebite. A list includes milk, eggs, tea, powdered crocodile teeth, horned-toad blood, onions, garlic, tobacco, indigo (and about a hundred other species of native plants), vinegar, turpentine, olive oil, kerosene, iodine, potassium permanganate, salt, gunpowder, ammonia, mud, opium, strychnine, ether, enemas, artificial respiration, song, dance, prayer and amputation. A remedy well thought of and still used in many parts of the country involves killing and splitting open a chicken or obtaining the heart or liver of a cow or deer. The bloody meat is then pressed over the wound. It is supposed to draw out the poison. It does not.

The most popular and persistently used remedy has been alcohol. Hundreds of snakebite victims have drunk themselves into stupors (and not infrequently drunk themselves to death). Klauber collected some of the whiskey dosages prescribed by physicians as well as folk healers. They include two quarts of corn whiskey in 12 hours; seven quarts of brandy and whiskey in four days; a quart of brandy in the first hour, another quart within two hours; one-half pint of bourbon every five minutes until a quart was consumed; 104 ounces of applejack in four hours.

With this sort of treatment in general use, it is small wonder that a medical researcher estimated in 1919 that up to that time about 10% of the fatalities attributed to snakebite in this country were probably caused by alcohol poisoning. In fact, no species of booze is an antidote for snakebite.

The effectiveness of many of the bizarre remedies has been passionately defended, even by doctors. One reason stems from a peculiar aspect of rattlesnake behavior. The venom apparatus of the snake evolved as a method of quickly stunning or killing prey. As a predator, a snake is calculating, usually injecting

*continued*

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## Rattlers continued

only enough venom to get the job done. However, when the snake must defend itself it often panics. This is particularly true when it is striking at something as large as man, who is clearly beyond the potential prey range. Dr. Findlay Russell of the University of Southern California Medical School, perhaps the nation's leading authority on venom and snakebite, has suggested that in such a confused state the snake may respond erratically. It may eject venom in extraordinary quantities or, as in about one-third of the cases Russell was able to investigate, eject no venom at all. When this is true, when a venomless bite occurs, then any remedy—ice cream, spitting in the water or going to an X-rated movie—will appear to be an effective cure.

In the U.S. comparatively few people are bitten by rattlers each year—about 3,200—and very few, perhaps 11 or 12, die from the bite. Even so, the best advice is to avoid the snake. Even if one is intentionally looking for them, rattlers are not that easy to find. They are not

abroad during the winter. In the hot weather they are most active after dark, when few people should be out in the bushes anyway. Heavy work boots, worn inside heavy pants, will turn most rattler strikes. One should be prudent about skipping lightly over logs, or putting a hand under a rock or on top of a ledge without first looking to see if it is occupied by a rattler. It is impolitic to molest, tease or play games with rattlers. This last bit of advice may seem superfluous but 25% of all bites occur not as a result of rattlers unexpectedly attacking men, but because men have been trying to handle rattlers.

In 1970-71 four of us conducted a year-long natural-history study project in the Huachuca Mountains. This area is especially good rattler habitat. We were in the field about 300 days, tramping through the scrub, in the canyons, in the flats. We encountered 32 rattlesnakes during that time. Only one, a grumpy black-tailed rattler that was disturbed while trying to catch a nap under a ju-

niper, struck at us and he missed badly. But the prospect of rattlers kept us alert and added spice to the expedition.

The latter point was well made by a prospector named Van Horn who lived in those mountains for 45 years. Van was a hermit with anarchic tendencies. He was the natural-history guru of the mountains. He had also been bitten twice by small rattlers. "On neither occasion," he said, "did I like the results of the experiment. Both nailed me on the hand and both times I had a bad arm for a while. But it was my own damn fault. A rattler is like anybody else. He is just trying to get along as best he can. I will tell you one thing. As a pure device a rattler is a marvel. You can take a mouse or a little bird or even something big like a coyote or a bear. You can be interested in them and like them but you do not necessarily respect them. You may not like a rattler but you always have to respect him. It is a good thing to have something outside the human line to respect. It gives a man a sense of proportion."

END

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WILT

Sir:

Wilt Chamberlain is right about being unworried about his place in history books because he is a legend in his own time (*Mr. Impact Will Be Everlasting*, Oct. 7). Without a doubt he is the greatest man ever to play the game.

JEFFREY VERLANDER

Weerts, Va.

Sir:

Mr. Chamberlain is indeed one of the greatest ever to play basketball. It is sad to say, however, that Wilt cannot let his actions speak for themselves. He states that Bill Russell has a "thing" about Wilt the Great. But it's Wilt who forever brings up the specter of Russell, who retired at the end of a successful season, and did so with the style he displayed on and off the court. Wilt retires bemoaning every thing and everyone who, he believes, tried to do him in at every turn. It can be honestly said that the exits of these two great stars from basketball symbolized their careers. Bill Russell left as a winner in all respects. Wilt Chamberlain departed as a poor loser.

EDWARD J. FINNELA

Stretford, Conn.

Sir:

Was happy to read that Wilt is in such great physical shape. I thought he might have developed severe muscle strain of the arm and shoulder from potting his own back.

Sorry, Wilt, Bill Russell was quite a few championships better.

B. R. THORNTON

Auburn Heights, Mich.

Sir:

Just think of the state of our country if all our leaders in Washington, D.C., sat down with a writer for a national publication and reflected on their careers without trying to "cover up" their actions.

Keep it up Wilt! Your being honest with your life makes it easier to read the morning paper.

FRANK A. KAUFMAN

Albany, N.Y.

Sir:

As one who has followed Wilt's basketball career since he was a sophomore in high school, I feel that he is quite modest in his appraisal of his own abilities. As he admits, his opinions are not humble, but I can think of no other sport where one individual has established as many records. He has always borne the rap of a loser, but how many NBA championships did Jerry

West or Elgin Baylor win at Los Angeles before Wilt arrived?

DAVID W. BONNER

Harboro, Pa.

Sir:

I'd like to know what Wilt Chamberlain gets out of cutting up the greatest guard to ever play the game of basketball, Jerry West. West is the third-leading scorer of all time, fifth in assists and made the All-Star team 10 times.

West's career was continuously hampered by injuries, but when things got rough he didn't switch teams and cry that he never got a night. Doesn't Chamberlain think that the people who paid his outrageous salary know who deserves it and who doesn't?

CHARLES D. LAMBERT

Lynchburg, Va.

Sir:

I'm writing to inform you of Wilt's most recent record-setting performance. In his 10-column, 4,256-word essay on how great he was, is and ever will be, Wilt manages to utilize the personal pronouns I, me or my no less than a whopping 349 times for a stupendous, record-breaking average of one personal ego-satisfying pronoun for every 12.2 words uttered!

LARRY THORNTON

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir:

Through the years I've believed that although Chamberlain had done much growing upward, he's done very little growing up. His comments, alternating between self-praise and lament, sustain that belief.

Wilt mentions several times that he never had a "night." So, in recognition of his perseverance in overcoming the career-long unfairness of Mendy Rudolph I'd like to give him one at this time.

Good night, Wilt.

ROY SWARCE

Dayton

Sir:

Upon his departure from the game, Wilt Chamberlain once again looks back over his shoulder with some parting shots, many of which are aimed at Bill Russell. One would think that Wilt would have learned long ago that looking behind him is the wrong place to look for his old nemesis. Bill Russell is miles out in front—as usual.

BOB SUTHERLAND

Virginia Beach, Va.

Sir:

Now I know why Wilt Chamberlain is 7 feet tall and weighs 300 pounds. He needs

all that space to contain his super ego.

VINCENT N. GALLAGHER

Carlisle, Pa.

**DON'T LOOK, MA**

Sir:

I myself liked the picture of the nude in the article on Evel Knievel (*'We Shoulda Run One More Time'*, Sept. 16). But I didn't let my mother see the magazine.

MIKE STEINMETZ

San Rafael, Calif.

**LORD'S HELP**

Sir:

In your Oct. 7 issue (*Tilting at the Wind*) you stated that the Yankees must have been in cahoots with an Almighty Power to have gone as far as they did in the recent pennant race. At least they did it playing good hard baseball (one of the best ERAs, three .300-batters, solid performances from veterans and some holes plugged by recent acquisitions). The Orioles, on the other hand, won 26 of their last 32 games with 17th-inning run-scoring bloopers, batters walked home and opponents that seemed to roll over and play dead. If the Orioles don't vote a playoff share to the Lord, they at least ought to give one to Ralph Houk and the Tigers.

PAUL BISHOP

Syracuse, N.Y.

**GIANT STEP**

Sir:

The World Hockey Association should be commended for its challenge to the Russian national team (*Joining the Rush and the NHL*, Sept. 30). The WHA not only took it upon itself to engage in a series the National Hockey League was obviously afraid to play, but in doing so won the admiration of countless hockey fans for attempting to resume the thrilling affair of 1972. The team's early respectable showing was a pleasant surprise to many (including myself) and will long be remembered as a giant step forward in the establishment of the WHA.

It is a shame Mr. Campbell and his league insist upon depriving hockey of a true Team Canada.

ROBERT SAMER

New Britain, Conn.

Sir:

Any North American hockey fan who thinks he has been victimized by poor refereeing can certainly breathe easier now. After witnessing The Great Russian Ropoff, alternatively titled The Team Canada-Soviet Hockey Series, I am convinced that there are no decent officials anywhere in the Soviet Union. For missing repeated flagrant acts committed by Soviet players, I propose that

Continued



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### 19TH HOLE *continued*

the referees be immediately banished to Siberia. I suggest the same for the Soviet coach, Boris Kulagin, for having the audacity to suggest that the Canadian players participating in the scuffle after the sixth game be sentenced to 15-day prison terms.

KIRK DYE

New York

### THE BULLS

Sir:

Thank you and Giles Tippette for the article (*Of Noble Rites*) in your Oct. 7 issue. Articles on the bulls, especially one as well written as this one, are too few and far between. When such pieces are written, they are usually rife with inaccuracies and totally misleading. With the exception of some minor technical inaccuracies, Mr. Tippette's article is very well done.

HARRY A. CONNER, President  
National Association of Tourist Clubs  
El Cajon, Calif.

Sir:

I have seen both toreros mentioned in the article fight, and I have seen the beauty they and others can create on the sand. I have also seen days like the one described in *Of Noble Rites*. Like other sports, bullfighting has its good and bad days; both can be rewarding, though, if honesty prevails.

JEFF THOMAS

Las Vegas

### NOMINATIONS

Sir:

Although it is a bit early, I would like to nominate the obvious choice for your Sportsman of the Year award—Henry Aaron.

DAVID SOTOLONGO

Live Oak, Fla.

Sir:

In a year full of prima-donna professionals and greedy commercialism let me be the first to nominate the finest and purest athlete of 1974 as your Sportsman of the Year, West Coast runner Jim Dunn. And for best supporting star, who else but his mother?

PAUL GARFIELD

Atlanta, Texas

Sir:

Jimmy Connors and Chris Evert have virtually done it all in a year of exceptional tennis competition and well-deserved recognition of the women athlete.

A. F. GARVEY

Alex, Hawaii

Sir:

Tony Waldrop should be a strong candidate. Who else has run nine consecutive sub-four-minute miles?

DENNIS CAMERON

Vaux, N.C.

*continued*

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## 10TH HOLE *continued*

Sir:  
Bernie Parent and the Flyers proved that  
Philadelphia isn't a team of losers after all.  
SCOTT WALTON

Pennington, N.J.

Sir:  
Kate Smith.

C. J. PERMAN

New York City

Sir:  
WFL Commissioner Gary Davidson.  
DENNIS MCCAIN  
Shawmut, Ala.

Sir:  
Evel Knievel.

TONY LILLIS

Upper Marlboro, Md.

Sir:  
Not only did Lou Brock break *Murray  
Wilks'* record of 104 stolen bases, he also  
broke the famed 58 cover girls.

DAVID L. SORROWOOD

Hillsborough, Calif.

Sir:  
Mike Marshall.

SHANE MELLICH

Sylvania, Ohio

Sir:  
Kyle Rote Jr. has distinguished himself as  
one of the finest athletes of our time.

GLENN VAN HELMSBT

Prospect Park, N.J.

Sir:  
Don't let me down and be logical this time,  
pick Jack Nicklaus.

DAVID PUOLE

Gastonia, N.C.

Sir:  
In 1971 Herve Filion was the first harness  
driver ever to achieve the supposedly unat-  
tainable goal of 500 wins at one year. He  
ended up with 543, but he wasn't named  
Sportsman of the Year. In 1972 he broke all  
of his previous records with 605 victories and  
more than \$2 million in earnings. Still no  
award. In 1973 he won 445 races, more than  
100 ahead of any other driver, and again  
copped over \$2 million in purses. This year  
he is once more surpassing his own records.  
His accomplishments in harness racing are  
unmatched and may never be approached  
again.

PAUL WINTERS

Brighton, Mass.

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